

CORONET

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Wittiest bookette of the year

THE BACHELOR LIFE *by George Jean Nathan*
a rollicking expose of a bachelor's days — and nights

is Maj. Alex de Seversky, Erskine Caldwell, Rene Kraus, Clarence Dykstra



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Cover Girl

Sheila Ryan, Hollywood High-Schoolmate of Lana Turner, is another of the newcomers at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. Five-feet five, 108 pounds and Irish to the core, she finds movies are her best entertainment, to the tune of three a week. Once voted "Girl With the Perfect Profile," Miss Ryan prefers this full-face portrait photographed especially for CORONET by Jules Buck. The costume, of course, is a mere prop. At 19, Sheila Ryan is not yet contemplating marriage.



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WORLD GOVERNMENT OF, BY AND
FOR THE PEOPLE IS THE ULTIMATE
GOAL OF THE "FEDERAL UNION"



The Case for "Union Now"

by CLARENCE K. STREIT

NEARLY everyone now sees the need of organizing our country for defense. To this end we are making unprecedented sacrifices in organizing men in squads, companies, regiments, armies, as tightly, powerfully, as we can. We are organizing business, too, for defense, because we recognize that we may be involved in this war despite our desire to keep out.

Many believe our entry in the war is already inevitable. Whether or not you agree with that, you will surely concede that forces beyond your power to control may bring us in the war any time now. Certainly it won't happen so long as there is hope of a British victory. And so it seems a safe guess that we shall enter the war when the outlook for victory will be much darker than it now is. Then, we will need to organize ourselves

with the British democracies more strongly than ever. But how?

Shall we organize ourselves with the British the way the British organized themselves with the French at the beginning of the war? They tried the old European method of alliance. They made the strongest alliance in history, not only putting both armies under a French general, but also combining navies under the British admiralty. They set up a committee with a French chairman, Jean Monnet, to co-ordinate their economic, financial and other non-military war efforts. They solemnly pledged each other not to make a separate peace.

The British made as tight an alliance with the French as we can hope to make with the British. Yet, when they needed it most, it fell into total collapse.

Just before it broke apart the British saw their mistake. Feverishly they sought to reorganize their relations with the French on a stronger basis. Remember how the British government, in those tragic days last June, begged the retreating French government to change that alliance overnight into a Federal Union?

They saw then that if they were organized in a common government like the United States—instead of in two joint, sovereign governments—neither the French government nor the British government could have made a separate peace. In a Federal Union only the Union government has the power to make war and peace. But the British saw all this too late. The demoralized French Cabinet declined the invitation, thirteen votes to ten and threw out the Premier who had pledged France not to make a separate peace.

The British and the French, each within their own country, had taken the same infinite, costly pains that we are taking to organize defense. They had built up two strong halves, independently, as if the keystone did not matter. And so the British lost half their arch at once, and nearly lost the rest at the same time—all through

neglect of the keystone.

We Americans occupy much the same position regarding the British that the British occupied regarding the French. Shall we start where they started—on an alliance basis? Or shall we profit from their experience—with an offer of Federal Union, the old American method which made the United States?

That is the issue we face, and we cannot afford to take the chances that they took. Back of the Belgians were the French, back of the French were the British, back of the British are ourselves. But back of us there is no one.

BEFORE THIS war began I proposed that we keep out of it by preventing its outbreak—that we prevent it by inviting fourteen other democracies to organize with us a Federal Union, modelled on our own Constitution and designed to grow gradually, by the admission of outside states, into the United States of Mankind. These fifteen, who then controlled half the earth, were nominated to play the same role our thirteen States played in 1787. They were the U.S.A., Canada, the United Kingdom, Eire, the Union of South Africa, Australia, New Zealand,

France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Switzerland.

Instead, the democracies clung to disunion. One by one seven of those fifteen have been conquered or imprisoned. In less than a year our problem has changed from one of preventing war to one of preventing democracy's total defeat. The answer remains basically unchanged, but it has become far more urgent. There must be Union *now* of the eight remaining democracies.

FORTUNATELY, the remaining democracies are easier to unite in a Federal Union than any other group. They all speak the same language, and share the same high political and economic standards. Four of the seven are already Federal Unions—the U. S. A., Canada, Australia and the Union of South Africa. Their Union would from the outset have a self-governing population of 200,000,000 and rule one-third of the earth and one-third of mankind. Through its great naval power it could control all the seas, draw everything it needed from half the earth while its blockade would deprive the Axis of many war essentials.

The great power that democracy still retains depends on un-

broken control of the seas by the British navy as well as our own. By any policy short of Union we risk losing in one calamitous blow half the naval power of democracy, with control of all the seas passing to the Axis and Japan. And then, though we repulse invasion, we must remain on our guard as long as the possibility of invasion remains. As long as autocracy remains in control overseas, we must continue conscription and centralization, living the fortress life the British have been suffering. And that will continue interminably, eating away our liberties from within, as long as we fail to overthrow dictatorship overseas.

Union now with Britain gives us our only guarantee that, even should the British Isles be temporarily lost, as were Boston, New York and Philadelphia during our War of Independence, the British fleet would not be lost but would continue to insure to the Union control of the seas.

Moreover, Union now is the only world-shaking aid that we can send instantaneously to Britain. No bottle-neck can slow it down. It requires no ships or planes to reach the beleaguered British.

While we are stimulating the

British with this Union tonic we can be using it to undo dictatorship on the Continent. By the Union proposal we would pledge ourselves to admit to the Union not only the captive European democracies, as soon as they are free to join, but also the Axis peoples, once they prove their desire for peace and freedom by overthrowing their dictators and restoring their own rights as free men.

To speed this, it is proposed that the Union government, as soon as we establish it, shall offer to restore normal peaceful relations with the Axis powers on a basis of no annexations or occupation of foreign territory, no indemnities or reparations, and the settlement by arbitration of all the disputes that led to this war and that cannot be settled by direct negotiation.

This would give us the best means we can hope to get to induce passive resistance, sabotage and revolt on the Continent, and the overthrowal of dictatorship from within. The alternatives are to send a huge expeditionary force again to Europe, or to remain interminably on the defensive awaiting, if not fighting off, the invasion of our own country.

National sovereignty gives

each state one vote, regardless of the population. And so we Americans, having the greatest population of any democracy, pay the highest price of any of them for our sovereignty. It has already led us to accord to each of the six British democracies a weight in world affairs equal to our own. In any ordinary alliance with the British we would have but one vote in seven on war policy. At the peace conference we would have but one vote in seven.

But by uniting with the British on the model of our own Constitution, with voting weighted according to population, we insure that the majority of representatives in the new Union Congress will be elected by ourselves. For our population is 130,000,000 and that of the six British democracies put together totals only 70,000,000. That is the answer to the senators and others who say this proposal to unite the English-speaking world on the basis of our American Constitution would make the United States a Dominion of the British Empire.

Thus, Union gives us the best possible guarantee of an enduring peace, for it does not leave the organization of world government to the peace conference. We do not have to fight to establish the

Union then; we begin by forming the Union now, and so we have only to defend it thereafter.

Can we still form this Union in time? That depends only on ourselves, on how seriously each of us takes his equal responsibility for the maintenance of the principles of Federal Union which made America, which *are* America. By making our initial Union with the British a provisional emergency Federal Union we can improvise it as quickly and more safely than the alliance machinery we shall otherwise have to improvise.

Once we have this Union, holding the fort and undermining dictatorship from within, we can call a Federal Convention to work out, more deliberately, the details

of a permanent Constitution.

Some day men and women just like us will make this step from the nation to the world state. Why should we not be the ones to found the Great Republic, The Union of the Free?

Before founding The Federal Union, "for Union Now of the U.S.A. and the Six British Democracies as the Nucleus of a World Government," Clarence Streit studied in England and France, served as a foreign correspondent in Italy, Turkey and Austria, and accompanied the American Peace Delegation in 1918-19. An ex-service man, now turned 45, Mr. Streit lives in Washington when not on speaking tour. Listed on the Advisory Council of his Union Now organization are some of the following: Clare Boothe, "Ding" Darling, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Thomas Mann, Raymond Massey, Lewis Mumford, Bishop Francis J. McConnell and Admiral W. H. Stanley.

—Suggestion for further reading:

UNION NOW WITH BRITAIN

by Clarence Streit

\$1.75

Harper & Brothers, New York

An Anonymous Affair

NESTROY, the Viennese comic playwright, was also known for his many *affaires de coeur*. One day, gloomily seated in his favorite coffee house, he was approached by a friend who asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, something quite sad," said Nestroy. "I have just received a letter from a man who says he will kill me if I don't

sever relations with his wife."

"But, Nestroy," remarked the friend, "surely your passion will not permit you to jeopardize your life."

"No," said the playwright bitterly, "I would gladly let his wife alone. But I haven't the slightest idea who she may be—the fellow didn't sign his name."

—ALBERT BRANDT

**MODERN PANHANDLERS OPERATE AS
ANY LARGE INDUSTRY SHOULD—
WITH DUE REGARD TO ORGANIZATION**



Begging Is a Business

by FRANK W. BROCK

THE late Heywood Broun was once approached by a panhandler with a straightforward plea for a dollar.

"A dollar?" remonstrated the sometimes truculent Broun. "Now see here, I've been hit for plenty of nickels and dimes for a 'cuppa cawfee,' sometimes for a quarter for carfare to Newark, but a dollar, that's much too much."

The old-timer bristled in turn. "Son," he said, "what are you trying to do, teach me how to run my business?"

Begging is a business, and a tricky one at that. Only an amateur will approach his prospect wearing good clothes, smoking a cigarette or smelling of liquor—"canned heat" in the argot of the craft. The expert stages his act with a proper regard for all the proprieties. Not so long ago Cleve-

land detectives on the alert for clues which would lead them to the perpetrator of a series of horrible "torso murders," speeded in a squad car to the city dump on a telephoned tip that a mysterious man was burying two suitcases there. They found him quickly enough, a professional transient who was hiding his party wardrobe so he could panhandle the city in his working clothes.

The more imaginative develop some startling techniques. Harry Hale who operates on the West Coast, where he is known as the K.C. Kid, works his racket from door to door. Housewives who remain dry-eyed after listening to his well-rehearsed yarn of a two-day fast and no place to sleep usually soften up in a hurry when he threatens to commit suicide right there on the doorstep and

before their very eyes. Charles Mason took sympathetic Chicagoans by telling them he was in the "last stages of tuberculosis." Before making his touch Charlie would place a capsule in his mouth containing a red substance, and when he reached the point in his narrative where he described the "hemorrhages from his lungs" he would bite the capsule and provide visual evidence of the truth of his story by permitting the "blood" to drool from the corner of his mouth. Charlie got a nice term in the House of Correction.

Although it isn't as dignified as leaning on a shovel, begging pays better than work on the W.P.A. An ordinary "pannic" with no physical deformity or affliction who is willing to put in an eight-hour day of conscienceless labor averages from four to six dollars in New York—\$3.60 in St. Louis. The danger of arrest isn't too great. Out of an estimated beggar population of from eight to ten thousand, only 1,643 were haled in to court in 1940 by the Mendicant Squad. Arrests by uniformed cops are rare, except in the late fall when a despondent pannic, ready to hole in for the winter, is looking for a 60- or 90-day bit in a nice, warm, comfortable workhouse.

Sometimes, in their search for

cash, the pannies find justice. Back in the boondoggling days the Emergency Relief Administration financed an experiment in New York known officially as "The Mendicancy Project," which the newspapers quickly dubbed the "Beggars' Clinic." It just about ruined the beggar business for the eighteen months of its existence, because it *was* effective.

THE CLINIC started in Night Court where a physician with a staff of assistants examined every beggar brought in. "Phony crips," whose bodily distortions were produced by the steel braces they wore, landed in the workhouse. "Blinkies"—men who pretend to be blind—were detected and jailed. It was all done with flashlights. The pupils of a blind man's eyes will not dilate and contract under varying degrees of light, but there is no way by which a normal person can control the reaction of his eyes. Those who were mentally unfit were committed to institutions where they would receive proper care and cease to be a public menace; diseased beggars were hospitalized; the aged were sent to homes, if they had none of their own. Pannies who repeated in court their working tales of privation and

want found that they were promptly investigated. A full report of the facts enabled the magistrate to mete out a large amount of unpleasant justice, and as news of the Clinic grapevined among the fraternities, phony crips deserted their usual beats for less profitable posts in other cities. Thus, the Beggars' Clinic had the same effect on the small fry that Mr. Dewey's advent had in the upper brackets.

Busy magistrates and police court judges cannot all be Solomons. If they had the necessary facilities for investigating the facts behind each petty offense, the disposition of many cases would be different. Cunning and vicious offenders, skilled in deceit and false pretense, frequently succeed in slipping out of the law's clutches because of the doubts they are able to create in the court's mind as to their guilt. Under our laws, the defendant must be given the benefit of such doubts. But malingerers and fakers couldn't beat the tests of the Beggars' Clinic, and so they found justice.

ESTIMATES of the annual take of New York's 8,000 to 10,000 beggars range from two to ten million dollars. Other cities pay in proportion. Yet, only a small fraction

of this sum would establish and maintain a Beggars' Clinic and rid any city of these pests.

Some pannies will make almost any sacrifice for what might be termed their art. For years a man stood in Herald Square bearing a sign: "I am blind; please help me." Blind Charley did well and became the owner of four apartment houses in Harlem. He finally had to retire because of loss of sight. All those years he had been feigning blindness, keeping his eyes open toward the sun. That practice eventually brought him real blindness.

Blind Charley was an exception to the rule that beggars do not invest their money. Most of them are misers and either hoard their money at home or carry it with them. In February of this year Henry Thomas, 65, was arrested for begging. A search at the station house disclosed that he was carrying about \$40 in cash and bank books showing deposits of \$25,917. He lived at a Bowery lodging house. William F. Beck, 67, arrested in New Jersey, had \$25,183 in cash. Jim Liston, a Chicago cripple, had \$48,000 in the bank. Mary Martin, guide for a blind accordion player in Flatbush, had \$1,900 in currency pinned to her underwear.

Begging by mail is a branch of the craft which also pays well. It is estimated that 100,000 begging letters pass through the New York post office in a year, 40,000 in Chicago, 25,000 in Philadelphia and from 10,000 to 15,000 in cities like Los Angeles, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo and Cincinnati.

Beggars by mail are interested only in gross returns. If they can obtain part of their income from relief funds, well and good, and if they can augment this by means of begging letters, so much the better. When copies of their letters are forwarded by the recipients to relief authorities or welfare agencies who send investigators, the letter writer discreetly holds his tongue, declines to answer questions and refuses to disclose the amount of his begging-letter take.

Relief investigators see such strange sights as tons of coal sent to begging letter writers being re-tailed throughout the neighborhood by the basket; food sent to "starving families" used to feed paying boarders or resold to less enterprising neighbors. One Department of Welfare worker in New York, investigating an application for relief, called at a neighborhood bakery.

"I just came to ask about the Blanks," he said.

The baker handed him a large bag of bread, rolls and pastry.

"What are these?" inquired the investigator.

"Those are for Mr. Blank," said the baker. "Oh, maybe I've made a mistake. I thought you were Mr. Blank's secretary."

With this tip as a clue, the investigator learned that Blank did employ a paid secretary who typed his begging letters and addressed them from a carefully compiled card index of the generous. Blank, an invalid who had formerly begged from his wheel chair, had found it more profitable and convenient to stay at home and carry on by mail. Another letter writer employed an attorney to compose a letter for him which would minimize the possibility of trouble with the postal authorities. Using the mails to defraud brings swift and sure penalties.

WHEREVER you live, your taxes and organized charities provide relief for all needy persons—New York City alone spends about \$900,000 *a day* for this purpose—and it is well to remember that the really deserving do not beg. The blind, especially, are well taken care of and receive the ut-

most consideration, as they should. They are seldom moved from the quarters they occupy when they go on relief because of their difficulty in accustoming themselves to new surroundings. Extra allowances are made for clothing, paid guides or attendants are provided where necessary, and the cash allowance is about \$65 a month. Under the law, blind persons who

beg are not eligible for this aid.

Apart from the fact that the money given to panhandlers is an economic waste, each drop of a coin into the beggar's cup drives him one rung lower on the ladder of self respect and makes his eventual rehabilitation just so much more difficult.

Before you get generous, take time out to get curious.

Psychological Credit Rating

SEVERAL years ago when phonographs were a novelty, Sol Bloom, now a member of Congress from New York, started a mail order business, selling talking machines, as they were then called. He advertised that he would ship the machines on approval. Being of a trustful nature, he assumed that everyone who answered his advertisement would either pay for the machine after seeing it or else promptly return it. But a number of people did neither.

Bloom then hit on a psychological plan for telling in advance which individuals could be depended on to behave honestly. To everyone who replied to his advertisement, he sent a letter stating: "We will ship you a phonograph immediately

after receiving the name and address of your family physician, as reference."

On receiving such references, he shipped a phonograph without even bothering to write to the customer's family physician. His reasoning was: "Nearly everyone who incurs debts pays everyone else before he does the doctor. Any person willing to mention his doctor for financial reference probably doesn't owe the doctor any money. If he doesn't owe the doctor, the chances are that he doesn't owe anyone else. He is in the habit of paying his bills."

This reasoning turned out to be correct. Almost everyone who gave the name of a doctor proved to be honest.

—FRED C. KELLY

Man prides himself on his knowledge of animal behavior. But some of the doings of the creatures which are not of our species cast a faint doubt on the completeness of our knowledge. A few such true, but non-conformist animal tales are recounted herewith.

Not of Our Species

AN OLD farmhand working on the plantation of Kirk Bramble, Texarkana newspaperman, was followed wherever he went by a certain hen. Even when the hen laid eggs she laid them on the bench where he rested.

When the farmhand became ill, the hen followed him into the house, came daily to see him, and laid her eggs on his bed. One night sudden death claimed the man, and his body was laid in a casket before morning. The casket was placed in the traditionally unused parlor.

Next day the hen came as usual to the bedroom. Failing to find her friend, she began a systematic search of the house. At last she discovered the casket, which she slowly approached, pausing several times as if

deciding what to do. The lid of the casket was closed. There was nothing to tell the hen that here was her friend.

But at last she went to the casket and laid her egg beside it. After that day, she never came into the house.



ONLY SLIGHTLY wounded, a female quail was caught by hunters. The bird was placed in the pocket of a hunting coat. In this manner it was carried many miles to the hunter's home. It was then placed in a coop near the barn window.

At dawn the call of a male quail was heard, and investigation revealed

that the male bird was perched outside the barn window. The caged female obviously recognized the bird.

No quail had ever before been seen in the neighborhood. It was not the mating season. *There had been no other quail near the spot where the female was captured.* She had been brought to the barn in a coat pocket. No sound made by her could be heard outside the barn—yet the bird outside was undoubtedly her mate.

How had he found her? William Long, author of many nature books, investigated the case. He was forced to suggest "an unknown sense."



ROXEY, "the Long Island Railroad dog," was as much a part of the railroad as a locomotive or a fishplate. His days were spent riding in cabooses, in locomotive cabs, on rear platforms. Each night he slept at the home of a different trainman. Each morning he immediately proceeded to put rolling wheels under him.

Then came the day when the new Pennsylvania station was opened. Roxey got off at the wrong level and boarded a train for Philadelphia instead of one for Long Island. Discovering his mistake, he jumped off the train the moment it reached Philadelphia and managed to catch the next train back to New York, where he changed trains for Long Island.

It is man, rather than the other

species which inhabit this planet, who is forever complaining about the complexities of modern civilization.



THE PRIZE dragon of the London Zoo was always a disappointment. She would not be fierce.

Weighing over a hundred pounds, and eight feet long, the dragon, actually a great monitor lizard, was brought from the island of Komodo. Her species is supposed to be a last remnant of the prehistoric reptiles which once stomped about the earth. Probably the most frightful looking creature on earth, she was declared by her captors to be the essence of evil ferociousness.

But alas, she would never be fierce. She followed the zoo keeper on his rounds; he often steered her by picking up her tail. She loved children and played for hours with them, rolling on her back and gently batting at them with her massive claws. She would nuzzle them with her great slobbering jaws—but not once did those jaws snap, although a child could have been devoured in two gulps.

What this age needs is not a St. George, but a new animal psychology which will explain the mild manners of dragons.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

IT TOOK THE AMERICANA COLLECTING
RAGE TO RESTORE HENRY WILLIAM
STIEGEL TO HIS RIGHTFUL GLORIES



First Baron of Glass

by MARGARET O'BRIEN

OUT of the mists of legend and the blue hills of Pennsylvania emerges the shadow of a man who forged the history of a countryside in iron and built a town on a foundation of glass. He is Henry William Stiegel, whose memory is honored today on the shelves of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Whether or not the greatest glass maker in American history was a real baron is lost in the dusty shelves of time. The fact is, it would not have been necessary for him to have a drop of aristocratic blood to be regarded as a member of the nobility by the naive Mennonites of the Lancaster countryside. His very bearing set him apart, and his stupendous scale of living marked him as from another world.

Heinrich Wilhelm was the oldest of six children born to the

Stiegel family of Cologne, Germany. He arrived in Philadelphia August 31, 1750, with his widowed mother and younger brother. Upon his arrival, like any young man in the success sagas of the nineteenth century, he set about getting himself placed in a good position for a rapid rise. He even married the boss's daughter, charming Elizabeth Huber.

HE HAD ALL the ingredients for a story book career: a winning personality, a fine sense of craftsmanship, self-confidence and limitless ambition.

With the Stedman brothers of Philadelphia as partners, he began by producing the stout stoves which were soon found in kitchens all over Pennsylvania: the famous five- and ten-platers, the Dutch warming ovens, in which he im-

proved on Benjamin Franklin's original open-hearth type.

Imbued with their partner's expansiveness, the Stedmans bought huge tracts of land north of Chickies' Creek, in which venture Stiegel naturally joined them. Nothing less than a town could hold his ambitions, and Mannheim was laid out in 1762.

It was at Mannheim that Stiegel really came into his own as the fabulous figure of legend. The beautiful Colonial house he built there grew to a castle by reputation; in Mannheim he played the squire to a host of admiring democrats. Here, too, he made the glass which gave him immortality.

His Mannheim mansion was a classical structure of the Pennsylvania Dutch type. But when we hear that the walls were hung with tapestries on which were painted scenes of falconry, that there was a private chapel where the good Baron delivered sermons to the workmen, that there was a balcony on the roof where workmen gathered to entertain him with music, it is easy to see why it became a manor house to the countryside.

Not satisfied with his share of the iron business, the visionary Baron began experimenting with glass blowing. Exquisite fragments

of amethyst and green scattered in the nearby soil, even today, were the forerunners of the remarkable production that was to come.

Like a good gambler, the Baron plunged when things looked worse. The Stedmans, feeling the pinch of the pre-Revolutionary depression, began to mortgage their holdings. Not so the Baron. He built a glass factory that was the wonder of the colony, to compete with the best European manufacturers.

At first it looked as if his confidence in his neighbors' desire for his blue, amber and green ware, his dainty wine glasses, his vials and beakers was justified. Sales went well (enough so that practically every Pennsylvania farmhouse had Stiegel pieces when collectors first started after them).

BUT THE BARON ignored the economic barometer, and when things got so bad that even the Baron had to admit it, the end was near. In 1774 he was writing in desperation to all of his influential friends: "Can it be that my former friends in Lancaster County will drive me to ruin when I have increased the wealth of the county at least 150,000 pounds?" It could indeed, and in 1774, he was lodged in a debtors' prison.

Even his downfall was picturesque. Out of prison, he became a sort of foreman at his first iron mill, working under an Irish iron-master, Robert Coleman, who had leased the property. His career fades off into the gray in those later years; the populace which had once curtsied and bowed to him, accepted him as a broken old man and forgot the far-off splendor. Today not even a stone marks his grave.

He was forgotten for almost a hundred years, except by fireside story-tellers, and it took the Americana collecting rage to restore him to his glories. Today his fame rests securely in the glowing shapes of bottles and glasses, in the classically simple daisy-in-a-square pattern, in the deep violets, the solid blues, the soft ambers of the most beautiful and most precious glass in America.

Oddly enough, he is even more

honored today by the descendants of his neighbors because he practiced a very common method of philanthropy; he gave the town of Mannheim the site for a church, requiring in return only the annual rental of a red rose. Other public benefactors have frequently done the same, stipulating that the return shall be a single pepper corn or a grain of wheat, but out of the Baron's gesture has grown a yearly pilgrimage to Mannheim on the second Sunday of June which should amaze and delight his pomp-loving spirit if it still hovers over the Pennsylvania Hills.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

5000 YEARS OF GLASS
by Frances Rogers and Alice Beard \$2.50
Frederick A. Stokes Co., Inc., New York

OLD GLASS, EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN
by N. Hudson Moore \$10.00
Frederick A. Stokes Co., Inc., New York

EARLY AMERICAN GLASS
by Rhea Mansfield Knittle \$4.50
D. Appleton-Century Company, New York

Diplomat

EDMUND WALLER had written a poem in honor of Cromwell and another in honor of Charles II.

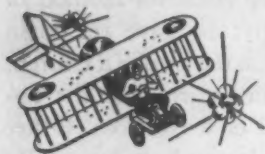
"Master Waller," accused the king, "those verses you wrote about Cromwell are far better

than those you wrote about me."

Without a moment's hesitation, the poet replied, "Sire, poets always excel more in fiction than in truth."

—ERNA S. HALLOCK

THERE IS NEITHER SENSE NOR SAFETY IN
SUBORDINATING OUR AIR FORCE TO THE
MORE OLD-FASHIONED METHODS OF WARFARE



Is America Flying Blind?

by MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

THE WIDESPREAD popular delusion that the world was caught unawares by the terrific effectiveness of Nazi Germany's air force provides a comforting alibi for humiliating defeats. Only it happens to be wholly untrue. The fact is, Hitler has not thrown into action a single aircraft model or unfolded a single principle of aviation warfare which had not been thoroughly familiar to aeronautical experts of all other nations long before the outbreak of the war.

I had myself inspected Nazi aviation but a few months before Poland was attacked. The Germans showed me their Stuka dive bombers, their swiftest pursuits and their horizontal bombers. The Nazis imposed no restrictions on us in conveying our observations to the outside world. They had

no need to do so—all German types had been on display repeatedly at international aeronautical shows and had been fully described in the aviation press of all countries. Moreover, the progress of the Nazi *Luftwaffe* had been continuously reported to other governments by their military observers in Germany.

Why, then, were other nations so dismally unprepared to meet the German onslaught from the air? Certainly not because they lacked aviation brains equal to the challenge. The great strides made by the British aeronautical industry under stress of war, and the impressive progress being registered at long last by some American aircraft builders, prove that there was no dearth of designing talent.

The answer to the mystery must



The Bell Airacobra, the Army's new 400 m.p.h. "mystery ship," mounts 7 guns, including an aircraft cannon which fires 60 shells per minute through its nose. It can land on a highway.



Initial contact with an invader is the job of this Grumman F4F-3 shipboard fighter. Highly maneuverable, sturdy and speedy, it operates easily from the deck of an aircraft carrier.



It takes a biplane to achieve slow enough speed to land safely on a heaving carrier deck. This Curtiss SB2C-4 carries a wing-load of 300-pound bombs at 250 m.p.h., yet lands under 50 m.p.h.



The Vought OS2U-1 Observation Scout carries aerial cameras, intricate radio equipment and gasoline for 2,000 miles of naval searching. It operates either from shore or from a carrier.



The new Bell Airacuda, a heavily-armed multiplace fighter with 2 aircraft cannons and a crew of 5, acts as chaperon to bombing squadrons, to shoot down enemy fighters which threaten.



The original "Flying Fortress," grand-daddy of all high-speed, long-range heavy bombers which today carry 5 tons of bombs far 3,000 miles, non-stop. Its cruising speed is 300 m.p.h.



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America's Air Arm

THERE are more basic differences in airplanes than in automobiles, because each fighting plane is designed for a certain set of combat conditions. A 400 m.p.h. fighter is not just a 200-mile trainer with a more powerful engine. It is designed, engineered, tested and equipped for only one job. On the reverse of this gatefold are natural color photographs of six widely different types of Army and Navy airplanes, each designed to perform one of Uncle Sam's four fighting jobs in the air—reconnaissance, ground attack, convoy fighting and long-distance bombardment. Today the strength of America's mighty air arm lies in planes such as those shown here.

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be sought in the mentality of nations. By this time it is clear that they were, each in its own fashion, afflicted by a species of psychological paralysis.

France had been hypnotized by a fatalistic reliance on its Maginot Line and its faith in "the world's finest army." Even in that long interval after German aviation had demonstrated its power in the devastation of Poland, France continued to ignore the obvious.

England, similarly, had been leaning back complacently on faith in its glorious and impregnable navy. Hypnotized by tradition, she found it literally impossible even to imagine a crucial battle in which the navy would be little more than a helpless onlooker—the kind of all-air battle, that is to say, which has actually been under way now for almost eight months.

And it is likewise in psychological factors that we discover the real explanation for the dismal backwardness of military aviation in America. The fact alone that our commercial aeronautics is the world's best indicates that the military lag cannot be blamed on lack of aviation talent. The simple truth is that America has been lulled into a complacent sense

of safety by its two oceans. That has been—and unfortunately remains today—the American equivalent of the "Maginot mentality" in France. Unless overcome quickly, it holds the threat of the same kind of disaster.

THERE CAN BE NO reason in logic why, if we built warplanes at all, they should have been below the standards of performance technically possible at the time of their design and construction. The absence of immediate danger of war or foreign invasion might justify the maintenance of a skeleton air power rather than a full-sized one. But it decidedly did not justify the inferiority in the *quality* of aircraft. Even if we had only one airplane, it should have been at least the equal of any extant.

But while the public may have been startled by recent disclosures about the shortcomings of American aircraft under conditions of actual warfare, aviation people were not. They had known all along, for instance, that American pursuits had neither the armor nor the armament to match the British Hurricanes and Spitfires or the German Messerschmitts and Heinkels. They had known, to cite an even more striking example, that our so-called "Flying Fort-

resses" lacked the very essential of a fortress, which is adequate defensive ability.

The American people have a real cause for complaint. They had for years been lulled into thinking that our military aviation was not only on a par with others, but even better. In the face of reports by American observers about the obvious superiority of European air forces, a national magazine of millionfold circulation, for instance, continued to boast, parrot-like, that "Our Own War Birds Are Best."

It is about time we stopped bragging about our aeronautical superiority. Every champion who underestimates his challenger loses his crown. The more sensible course is to overestimate our potential opponents and to be ready to meet strength with greater strength. If we persist in continuing to live in a fool's paradise of self-congratulation, there is nothing ahead of us but humiliation at the hands of our enemies.

Hard-pressed Great Britain welcomed anything she could get. Desperate men trying to reach shore in a leaky boat are grateful for broomsticks and handkerchiefs, though they need oars and sails. The British are carrying on gamely without complaint and

without quarreling over spilt milk. Until the night fighter, now in an experimental stage, becomes fully effective, the American "Flying Fortresses" may prove useful in night-time bombing, when the shroud of darkness makes up for inadequate defensive equipment. Our pursuits have given a good account of themselves apparently in the Mediterranean area, as long as they were pitted against inferior Italian aviation. But the fact remains, all the same, that these planes were far below the standards of performance established by other nations.

Our failure, in short, was not technical but psychological. It can be traced to a basic refusal in high quarters to acknowledge the crucial role of aviation in modern warfare. That, in turn, has kept American military aviation tied into an organizational set-up that prevents its natural development. It is as though a fine-mettled race horse were yoked together with a pair of oxen and expected to compete against horses without such encumbrance.

THE FACT IS that aviation designers have, for years, made specific and detailed proposals to our military authorities for increasing the fire-power, the armor and

other elements in our fighting planes since demonstrated as indispensable. Such proposals were pigeon-holed almost automatically, because they failed to touch the imagination of men conditioned to thinking only in terms of surface fighting. My own files, for instance, hold a series of such proposals, which were not only arbitrarily rejected but ridiculed by a high military authority.

Our military aircraft have also been seriously handicapped by what we might call our "luxury complex." Because air defense seemed, to the naval and infantry people in control of it, an indulgence rather than a critical necessity, we have built into our fighting planes many comforts and super-safety provisions at the expense of combat efficiency. For instance, after an unfortunate freak accident, where a pilot was killed when his airplane turned over in landing, all our tactical airplanes were built with huge towers, like reinforced greenhouses, directly behind the pilot's head—at a cost of additional weight and reduction in speed. Our gallant military pilots, whose safety was directly concerned by this change, objected to these encumbrances. After all, under fighting conditions, the pilot's ultimate

safety depends on the performance of his machine, rather than the luxury of its construction and excessive margins of safety. Their judgment has been completely vindicated by the fact that a mere twenty-five-mile speed edge of the British pursuits over the German Messerschmitts held off the numerical superiority of the Nazi air power.

The whole subject would not be worth discussing if it were merely a matter of history. But it isn't. The same brakes which have retarded the development of our air power are still in place. Airplanes are still treated as extensions of existing weapons rather than new weapons requiring new forms of organization, administration and tactics.

Psychologically, the American people, and even more so, our highest military leaders, are still leaning back on our own "Maginot Lines," the two oceans and their respective fleets. In the designing of tomorrow's aviation we are still only "catching up"—a fatal procedure when the need is to outdistance, out-plan and out-think the potential adversary. Despite the clear lessons of the tragic experience in Europe, we are still obsessed by problems of mass production, while the more crucial

questions of range, greater fire power, defensive armor and maneuverability are treated lightly if at all.

THE MOST serious fault of all, though, is that the fundamental defense scheme for our nation is predicated on the assumption that the science of war remains the same as it was in the Argonne-Meuse battle of 1918. We have as yet failed to grasp the role of air power in the near future. The same assumption cost France its life and has endangered the British Isles. The shorter distances involved naturally made them vulnerable to air power sooner—but that is the only difference between their position and ours. And even that protection of distance is being narrowed with every passing month. National security plans which do not recognize this fact are doomed to disaster.

If our country is obliged to go to war — actively — the offensive will be possible *only through the air*. Our fleets will be unable to attack enemy shorelines or to land troops while the skies are under enemy control. If we come to actual grips with a foe it will be first of all in the air. That phase must be determined before our naval and land strength can be

brought into effective play.

One high ranking Air Corps General, in a speech on February twenty-eighth, stated that the United States "should have no fear of being outstripped in the race for air power," and added that the nation's resources "insure our ultimate command of the air." Unfortunately, natural resources by themselves can insure nothing. Despite their abundance, our country has been devoid of genuine air power to date, because of the lack of proper leadership. Our military aircraft will not take their place way out front in the race for world superiority until aviation thinking and planning has been unshackled to enable us properly to exploit our natural resources.

That, I submit, will not happen until air power is independent and administered by aviation experts of proven experience, knowledge and vision.

The name de Seversky is one of the most brilliant and authoritative in aviation. Baptized in fire when flying for the Czar in the first World War, he lost a leg but won many medals for his daring and success. He became a full-fledged citizen of the U.S. in 1927. Long a consultant to the Air Corps, he is responsible for an imposing number of improvements in airplane instruments—plans for the first completely automatic bomb sight came from his workrooms. Some of the fastest and most maneuverable ships thrumming across our skies were designed by Major de Seversky.

YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS TO MOST OF THE
QUESTIONS AS WELL AS YOU KNOW YOUR NAME,
BUT THE TRICK IS TO PROVE IT TO OTHERS



On the Tip of Your Tongue

OF THE many quirks of the English language, by no means the oddest is the fact that the same word can designate two vastly different things. This quiz is based on fifty of these instances where two objects are forced to share the same name.

Each question contains two brief definitions, and in each case the *first* definition refers to a *common word* (such as "zebra" or "prepare") and the *second* to a *proper name* (such as "Mississippi" or "Lincoln").

The word which is required in answer to the first definition is spelled exactly the same as the word required for the second definition, although it would naturally be spelled with a small letter for the common word and a capital letter for the proper name. *Example:* A fowl and a country. The

correct answer is "Turkey."

Count two points for each correct answer. A fair score is 65 or over; 75 or over is a good score, and anything over 85 is exceptional. You will find a list of the correct answers on page 125.

1. To gather or store and a recent Vice-President.
2. An artisan and a member of a large society.
3. A luncheon favorite and an English Earl.
4. A bird and a group of islands.
5. To crush or stamp out and a variety of liquor.
6. The triangular end of a wall above the eaves and a movie star.
7. A powerful woman and a river.
8. To evade and a make of automobile.

9. To respect and an early American patriot.
10. A whirlpool and the founder of a church.
11. A type of hat and a canal.
12. A shade of red and a province in France.
13. A direction and a large Mid-western university.
14. A weapon and a well-known shirt trade name.
15. Scented alcohol and a Prussian city.
16. A term used in billiards and a language.
17. A type of shoe and a German general.
18. A procession and one of the months.
19. A baseball term and a Greek epic poet.
20. A color and a labor leader.
21. Peaceful and an ocean.
22. A salad dressing and an archipelago.
23. A bean and a city.
24. A shirt fabric and a city in India.
25. A circular motion and an international organization.
26. Titans and the name of a baseball team.
27. A style of hairdress and a French courtesan.
28. Pre-eminent and a large lake.
29. To renege and a nationality.
30. A small utensil and a constellation.
31. A barrel-maker and an American author.
32. An overcoat and part of Ireland.
33. Scorches and a poet.
34. A metallic element and a Roman God.
35. Crockery and a country.
36. A picnic favorite and a Federal judge.
37. Defaces and a planet.
38. A chicken and an historic American spot.
39. A pugilist and a member of a one-time Chinese secret society.
40. A bird and a nurse.
41. A hat and a famous racing event.
42. A nonsense poem and a section of a country.
43. A reference work and a mythological strong man.
44. Stake fences and a rock formation on the Hudson River.
45. A fruit and a royal house or family.
46. To adjust oneself and the East.
47. Blushing and part of New York City.
48. The exercise of foresight and a city in New England.
49. A shoe and a renowned university.
50. Rind and an English Statesman.

The Game of International I.Q. *Modern espionage is the science of foul play, and whether we relish the idea or not, we are bound to learn more about this subterranean form of warfare. Read the facts in the case which follows; then try your hand at solving it.*

The Case of the Attentive Steward

by RICHARD W. ROWAN



THE newcomers, Major Jameson and Captain Craigie checked into the Officers' Club in Alexandria at a time when such phrases as "reckless discussion of military matters" and "espionage case under investigation" were persistently being circulated among the officers.

"It's a lot of silly nonsense," said a red-faced veteran.

"Damfool spy scares are bad enough among civilians," his friend agreed. "Who in God's name would be the spy among us?"

At that very moment the newcomers were discussing this same topic. The major, a slender, keen-eyed man detached from a counter-espionage branch of General Sir Archibald Wavell's Intelligence Corps, let his pencil hover over one name at the bottom of the suspect roster he had prepared.

"What about the steward?"

"Trescott? Seems a considerate, attentive fellow—"

"Not just a bit *too* attentive?"

The captain nodded slowly. "We may as well put Trescott to the test."

And so the two recent arrivals arranged to entertain seven rapidly thawing martinets of the old school. Jameson and his colleague were reputedly staff officers recuperating from a bout of fever. The dinner was all that the war limitations of December, 1940, permitted. Thanks to the skill and resources of the steward, Trescott, it was a very sound meal, indeed.

One circumstance, though, marred it. Both hosts seemed to forget their seniors' warnings about unguarded discussion of "military secrets."

"The Argyll and Sutherlands will make a big difference," said Jameson. "I thought some Highland battalions would be sent to help the Greeks take Valona. But Maitland Wilson has other plans for the Scotties."

"At G.H.Q. they talk about getting seven or eight battalions of Highlanders—" Craigie put in enthusiastically, to be interrupted when two of the older guests suffered fits of coughing.

Presently Jameson was off again. "The Bofors guns are as good as our best anti-aircraft ordnance. Lucky thing we contracted for them. With one-hundred-twenty at Malta, and twelve new batteries at the Canal—"

"Har-rumpph!" stormed a red-faced veteran growing purple.

Trescott rushed to the choking senior's assistance. All through the dinner the attentive club steward had hovered about, solicitous of glasses, service, vintages and temperatures.

"Not only are we now getting the guns we need," the genial Jameson pursued, "but we have the gunners. I can tell you gentlemen—a crack battalion of Marine Artillery has been brought from the Caribbean and assigned to anti-aircraft. They trained in the islands—Barbados, Jamaica. I have seen these fellows shoot—"

Five of the seven guests grew suddenly bronchial. But Craigie was ready when the barrage of coughing had cleared. "The French volunteers shoot well, too," he said. "No doubt you have heard how pleased General Craigh is with his thirty-five companies of Free Frenchmen? He already has twenty-six of their companies fully mechanized, and—"

"Sir!" The senior guest stood up brusquely to make his point clear. "Must we listen to an evening long lec-

ture on His Majesty's armed forces?"

This pointed rebuke brought apologies from both the indiscreet officers. No more war talk, Jameson and Craigie assured the older men. The club steward tore off a sheet of the pad, still suavely smiling, and began making his way toward the door.

Major Jameson sprang to his feet. "Trescott, let me see that slip of paper you just tucked away."

"Oh, this—why, certainly, sir. Just a small list of special reminders, as you might say, sir—"

Jameson, now joined by Craigie, studied the page torn from Trescott's pad. "Sorry to have had to practice a little deception upon you, gentlemen," said the major. "But this is an 'I' job, and Craigie and I had to work it out in our own way. Trescott, I'm placing you under military arrest!"

7 Teachers
1 Cutty Sark?
12 b Akvarit @ 120
1 Goddard Gold
Braid
35 Courvoisier '26

What do you detect from the above notes made by Trescott which suggests to you that he—as Jameson and Craigie now gravely agree—is something more than a model club servant? Answer is on page 118.

LOOK AROUND BEFORE BOARDING THAT
PLANE—YOU CAN PROBABLY FIND
HEALTH RIGHT IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD



Distance Is No Cure

by GRETTA PALMER

A NEW YORK businessman last year was annoyed by a painful stiffness in his back.

He tried an osteopath who has a Wall Street following; the back did not improve. He purchased an elaborate sun-lamp and set it up in his office; the pain still persisted. Finally, he sent his wife to Florida, cancelled his business appointments for three weeks and hopped a plane for a famous clinic. He told the doctors, very firmly, that they were to have him cured by the eighteenth inst.

This patient traveled down the medical assembly-line which is usual at such places. He was given every test of which he had ever heard, and many that were new to him. When he left, he knew his basal metabolism, his blood pressure, his blood count, his glucose reaction, the condition of his ar-

teries, the idiosyncrasies of his heart action and the state of his liver. He had received the pleasant news that his Wasserman was negative, along with a portfolio of X-ray photographs. He had a report bearing on his specific complaint, listing *seventeen* possible causes for his condition.

He also had the pain in his back.

And so, at the recommendation of his physician, the patient took the collection of fascinating biographical data to an orthopedist, chosen because of his intimate knowledge of New Yorkers and their living-habits.

"I know you—I've known you for years," said the orthopedist. "You eat too much, drink too much, live too hard. You're overweight, but you won't diet. You need exercise, but you try to crowd

it all into one violent half-hour per week in a gymnasium. When you go on a vacation, you half kill yourself trying to play too hard. Take a leave of absence for six months, and I'll fix that back for you."

"I can't give you a week," snorted the patient, who was a *very* successful man.

"Then," said the doctor, "I'll strap you up for awhile, and you can go to business every day. I'll have you put on a reducing diet. I'll give you a work-and-rest-schedule, and when you've reduced enough, we then can remove the straps."

The patient fought the new *regimen* every step of the way, but finally he gave in. The straps have now been taken off, and the pain has disappeared.

THIS IS, admittedly, an extreme case. Most of the well-known clinics would not turn a patient out into the world with seventeen possible diagnoses with which to bemuse himself. But it is true that many of them are staffed by men with too much caution, who do not wish to stick out their necks. And a definite diagnosis—the only kind that is of real use to a patient—often requires that there be a certain amount of neck-extension.

Few family doctors, however, will discourage, by so much as an elevated eyebrow, the patient who announces that he is going to pack his bags and trek across America to "get at the root of this thing." Only the most revolutionary medico dares to point out that there is a good hospital within fifty miles of any sick American today, and that there is one fitted to investigate difficult or rare diseases within three hundred miles. The latter type of institution may be needed only when unusual equipment is indicated, for not even the best small hospitals are generally provided with such things as the machinery required to measure brain waves. But it is the equipment, not the doctors, for which the patient should travel seven or eight hours. Highly qualified specialists in every field are usually a lot closer to home.

Naturally there are men in every field of medicine who are outstanding, and whose reputations quite dwarf those of the practitioners within an hour or so of the average patient's home. But these men are eminent by virtue of the discoveries they have made—their research, their new surgical techniques, their empiric discoveries of treatments that miraculously work. As soon as these discoveries

have been checked and published, they become common property, and the research man responsible for them sinks to the status of any capable doctor who has read and understood the new work.

The shuffling of patients around the country, in search of the best possible medical treatment, has another drawback. America is a big place, with wide differences in climate and in living habits. Just as the overworked New York broker was an unfamiliar figure to the famous clinic, so a little Southern girl, sent to New York for a pregnancy which promised to be complicated and difficult, wasted much of her strength in daily fits of sobbing. When an interne who had been born in the South finally happened upon her, he discovered that she was miserable because of sheer home-sickness; she hated Northern food, Northern accents and Northern cold. If this girl had been taken to one of the fine hospitals in the big cities of the South she would have been in a much better state of mind and health to face the ordeal of childbirth.

The mental condition of the patient, even in the most clearly physical disease, can never be overlooked. Doctors today are groping toward a better understanding of

the relationship between mind and health in the very tentative specialty called "psychosomatic medicine." Diseases of the skin, the heart, and certain types of paralysis, they now know, can have their inception in an unhappy mind. To shift a patient to an environment that will be uncongenial is, therefore, a risk that is not warranted if the patient can be adequately treated close to home. And he nearly always can.

PATIENTS sometimes run very serious dangers in their search for the one, much-discussed leader in a medical field. In Philadelphia, one family of doctors built up a high reputation in the field of bronchoscopy, and a deserved one. But if a child has swallowed some curious item and his family rush him to Philadelphia from a distant point, they may waste valuable hours en route, which will make the treatment of the child more difficult, besides prolonging his agony and their own. On the way to Philadelphia, chances are they will pass fifty or a hundred doctors who have learned from the pioneers in the field and could competently handle the situation.

There are, of course, some ailments which require a change of climate. Tuberculosis immediately

springs to mind. Yet even here, the more understanding members of the medical profession are going a little slower than they did fifty years ago. It may be true that the climate of Arizona is a little better for a given patient than the climate of northern New York; but if his family can come frequently to a Saranac sanitarium, why, then, the patient's condition will often respond more favorably to a cure here than in the West, where he may feel neglected and lonely.

ARE THERE, then, no outstanding medical centers today? Of course there are. But they are outstanding for their research contributions. The Rockefeller Institute in New York, for instance, accepts a few heart patients whose diseases fit in with their line of research. These patients get the finest of care. But so do those in any number of cardiac institutions stretched across the country. And the number of well-thought-of hospitals in America is staggering.

Not all of the hospitals listed in your local classified telephone directory are as good as they ought to be. But anyone in a town with a public library can tell the sheep among them from the goats by

looking into the medical literature. There are 1,022 hospitals in the country registered for internes. These are considered so good that a young doctor may complete his training under the older men there and be accepted in high medical circles. There are 5,204 hospitals which do not have internes — not all of them, by any means, because they are bad institutions. Many of them are simply too small to give a young doctor enough well-rounded experience to start him off on his active career. The American College of Surgeons, every year, surveys the hospitals in the country and approves a certain number of them on the basis of "completeness of facilities and quality of service." Their last published survey approved 2,354 hospitals: anyone going to one of these may be pretty sure he is getting as good attention as the medics of the nation can hand out.

Patients may, of course, find excellent facilities in one of the hospitals not listed here. Riggs Sanitarium, and New York's LeRoy Sanitarium, where many of our most glittering social celebrities go when they are sick, are not in the list approved by the American College of Surgeons. These are *de luxe* sanitariums, which do not pretend to be complete hospitals,

and there are a number of them in different parts of the country.

It is a fact that a high percentage of the persons who wire the famous clinics for reservations do so on their own, without first consulting their family physicians. They have become tired of the local talent and have decided to "go to headquarters." People accustomed to believing that the best clothes come from London or Paris, the best caviar from Russia and the best plays from Broadway cannot believe that the best medicine does not require some shuffling across the country on the part of either the physician or the ultimate consumer.

If a man has obviously lost faith in his own physician, as being "small time," the physician will usually yield cheerfully and send the patient to an out-of-town specialist who can inspire more faith. The mental state of the patient is here, as always, an important factor. The patient's faith in a big name may be of real help in treating the disease.

But it is significant that physicians rarely recommend sending a patient to clinics from distant points, unless the patient himself brings it up. They tend to the less dramatic course of sending him to the nearest adequate hospital, get-

ting the best local specialist in the field and helping him to apply whatever the research men have recently discovered. They know that even in surgery—a branch of medicine where it is difficult to pool the skill of the leaders—a reasonably deft practitioner, applying a technique developed by a pioneer, will do about as good a job as can be done.

When a doctor says, "There is only one man in the country I'd trust on this," he is usually pampering a spoiled, rich patient who has to feel, in order to be happy, that he is buying the most expensive commodity in its field.

The patient who turns his back on these facts is ignoring the outstanding fact about modern science; its essential socialism, if that word has not too many unpleasant political connotations for you.

In Renaissance England, when a forceps delivery was kept as a family secret for several generations, there was an incentive to go to Peter Chamberlen, the sixteenth century obstetrician who owned the only pair of forceps in the world.

In Chinese medicine, where secret remedies are jealously guarded by their discoverer, there is every reason to seek out the man

who has the greatest reputation in his field. But today all that is changed. As soon as a new treatment, a new technique, a new drug is developed, the news is splashed on the pages of the leading medical magazines, and speeches about it are made before the medical societies.

While no doctor can keep up with these developments in every field, most do keep a wary eye on whatever is done, anywhere in the world, that affects their particular practice. They can often rearrange the facilities of the hos-

pitals with which they are associated so that the new treatments are soon made available there.

Dashing about the country to the famous clinics is—if the word is not unpardonably frivolous—the sheerest medical *chichi*. Its costs—if money is of interest to you—are enormous. Its results may be inferior to those obtained near home.

An indefatigable searcher for facts, Gretta Palmer finds her articles and short stories in demand by publications of widely varied types. She is a seasoned newspaper worker, has conducted a syndicated column. In 1925 Miss Palmer graduated from Vassar.

"Johnny, Eat Your Grass!"

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, king of Babylon, may or may not have dined on the grass of the fields—but the legend that he did, like other primitive stories, points to a truth until recently unsuspected. Grass is good food for man, as well as for cattle.

The American Chemical Society has discovered that forage grasses are the richest source of vitamins yet available — containing 23 times more vitamin A than carrots, 9 times more vitamin B₁ than leafy green vegetables, 22 times more vitamin B₂ than these or others, 14

times more vitamin C than usual sources. Two factories in the United States, one in Canada, are now turning grass into human food.

As a result, you may soon supplement your ordinary diet with powdered grass in milk, fruit-juices, pancakes or bread, or as a breakfast food, enjoy grass candy bars like those now rationed among Canadian Expeditionary Forces. Twelve pounds of dried grass will furnish as many vitamins as 340 pounds of fruits or vegetables.

—S. R. WINTERS

The human mind is a bridge between two worlds—the world of "reality" and the world of "dreams." Most tales concern the first of those worlds, but philosophy has never proven that the other is any less "real." Therefore, a few authentic stories from it are in order.

Your Other Life

FROM CHILDHOOD Mrs. G. W. Schneider of Manhattan, Kansas, dreamed every few months of suddenly coming upon a certain house. The house was in no way similar to any she had ever seen. Yet in the dream it was always the same.

She would enter the front door, admire the rich furnishings, stroll through the rooms, then suddenly realize that someone was calling her from outside. As she opened the curtains to look out, she would invariably awaken.

After she had dreamed the same scene countless times, she had a strange experience in her other life. She was approaching the house as usual when she saw a red glare in the sky. Hurry-

ing forward, fear screaming through her mind, she saw that the house was burning. She watched as it was entirely consumed. *She never dreamed of it again.*

Perhaps disaster is as final in one life as the other.



IN HIS other life of dreams, Reginald Gresley of Los Angeles found himself walking down the main street of Manchester, Connecticut, where he had spent his boyhood. Suddenly he encountered an artist who was selling paintings on the curb. The commercially minded painter was named Pur-

cel. Neither in his waking nor dreaming life had Gresley heard of an artist named Purcel, but he nevertheless bought a painting.

Upon examining his purchase, he discovered that there was a diamond shaped object in the center of the picture. Moreover, the picture, instead of being painted, was formed of fine bead work.

Although the dream seemed trivial, its vividness so impressed Gresley that he wrote down the details. Two days later, he noticed a motion picture publicity photograph in the morning paper. The photograph showed a relatively unknown actor holding a piece of paper which was diamond shaped. Beside him stood a girl dressed in a Russian costume, which was a mass of bead work.

The actor's name was Purcel — spelled exactly as in Gresley's record of his dream. Investigation revealed that the photograph was taken *after* the dream. Coincidence—or that the future and the past sometimes become intermingled in our other lives.



STARTLED into wakefulness when she dreamed there was a needle in her bed, a girl—who was later to become Mrs. Upton Sinclair—searched in vain for the offending sewing equipment. Next day she told her mother of the peculiar dream.

"But I dreamed the same dream,"

her mother declared, "*and there was a needle in my bed.*"

Just a little matter of a needle and two dreams—but philosophy and psychology might well ponder.



TELLING TALES from your other life seems to have been an old Roman custom. Cicero records a case which he certifies as true.

Two Arcadian friends, traveling together, arrived at Megara. They stopped at different inns. During the night, one of the men dreamed that the other implored him for assistance, saying that he was about to be murdered by the innkeeper. The dreamer awakened, but dismissed the dream and fell asleep again.

Later in the night he had a second dream of his friend. This time the man stated that he had already been murdered and asked to be avenged. He explained that if the dreamer would be at the city gate the following morning, he would see a cart filled with straw leaving the city. Hidden in the straw would be found the murdered man's body.

This time the friend believed the dream and did as instructed. The body was found and the murderer forced to confess.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Women in Congress

A Portfolio of Personalities

by LOUIS L. PRYOR

"WOMEN are much more realistic than men, particularly when it comes to public questions," United States Senator Hattie W. Caraway once declared.

Prior to the adoption of the suffrage amendment in 1920, only one woman, Miss Jeannette Rankin, had ever been elected to Congress. Since then twenty-eight women have sat in Congress, and it has been estimated that approximately twenty per cent of all government employees, excepting the military, judicial and legislative branches, are now women.

Although they have not been conspicuous for oratory in the legislative halls, women in Congress have established excellent records for attendance and for hard work on committee assignments. Their tears, shed but rarely, have never been used as instruments to an end. Jeannette Rankin, for example, voted in 1917 against America's entry into the World War—"and then wept." More recently, when the House of Representatives passed the wage-hour bill, tears streamed down the face of Mrs. Mary T. Norton. But these were tears of joy. "This," she said, "is what I wanted most of all."

Today, eight women respond to roll call in Congress. One is a senator. Seven are members of the House. Brief personality sketches of these women appear in the pages that follow.



Jessie Sumner

Auburn-haired, five-foot-three and camera-shy, Jessie Sumner in her 30's was Illinois' first petticoat county judge. At 38, she was the youngest woman ever to represent her state in Congress. At 40, she upset political dopesters by regaining her seat in the House.

"We gave our little girl the best education we could," Jessie's bank-president father once said. Smith College and five universities—including England's Oxford—had a hand in Jessie's schooling.

What would she do in Congress,

she was asked, when elected for her first term. "Oh," she exclaimed, lifting a word from her dad's diction, "the *best* I can."

In the primary elections of 1938 Miss Sumner won the Republican nomination to represent her district in Congress by defeating three men. In the fall of that year she handily defeated her Democratic opponent who was running for his fourth term in the House.

The first American woman to study law at Oxford, an insistent isolationist, and an all-outter for economy, Jessie Sumner's determination is to "halt extravagance in government."



Margaret Chase Smith

That old political axiom, "as Maine goes so goes the nation," touched off another torch for the cause of government-by-women last September, when Maine shattered a precedent and sent its first woman representative to Congress. Mrs. Margaret C. Smith, whose buoyant eyes, gay smile and youthful face give the lie to the gray in her hair, is Maine's first congresswoman.

At the outset, Mrs. Smith's entry into Congress precisely paralleled the experience of a number of women now in public office. Yet, in at least

one detail, it differed dramatically. For, in April 1940, just a few hours before death came to her husband, the late Congressman Clyde H. Smith, he made a plea to voters that they support her. Some two months later, in a special 2nd district election Mrs. Smith won the right to fill out the unexpired term of her husband.

As a woman in business, Margaret Smith has worked in diversified fields. She once was a telephone operator, worked for a time as a newspaper woman, taught school and has done her share of writing. Mrs. Smith, 40, is a past president of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs.



Frances P. Bolton

Fabulously rich, philanthropic and fifty-five, Congresswoman Frances Payne Bingham Bolton of Ohio, doesn't believe in spending money to get elected.

Her husband, the late Chester C. Bolton, Croesus of Congress until his death in 1939, had budgeted the cost of his '38 campaign at \$120. Mrs. Bolton, who is said to be even wealthier than her late husband, has insisted that her own election costs be handled along the same modest lines. She succeeded to her husband's seat in Congress in 1940, first by

virtue of a special election in which she was unopposed, and later in a successful campaign on her own.

Last year, she and five other widows of Congressmen were each tendered a check in the amount of \$10,000 "to supply urgent deficiencies." Mrs. Bolton sent her check back to the Treasury, stating: "Under the circumstances this would be excessive."

One of Mrs. Bolton's benefactions was directed toward establishing a better life for chorus girls. Her most noted philanthropy was a gift of \$2,250,000 donated to Western Reserve University to found the Frances Payne Bolton School of Nursing.



Edith Nourse Rogers

"If I have any hobby at all, it is my desire that our country shall do all it can for the men who were disabled during the war," declared Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers on July 10, 1925, ten days after she was elected to Congress to fill the vacancy created by the death of her husband, the late John Jacob Rogers.

In her youth, however, this little Massachusetts lady was more interested in music than in politics. Possessing a fine soprano voice, she abandoned music as a career to marry her youthful sweetheart. Then

came the World War where the young Mrs. Rogers learned first hand about "disabled soldiers." She served overseas as a Red Cross worker while her husband, who had volunteered as a private while a member of Congress, was in the ranks.

Later, in post war days, she regularly left her Washington house each morning attired in a Red Cross uniform to visit hospitalized soldiers. Her interest in disabled veterans has never waned. She advocated preparedness as early as 1928. "We must be armed for peace," she declared, pointing out the need for a greatly strengthened merchant marine, navy and army.



Jeannette Rankin

Like the periodic visitations of a comet, Miss Rankin's appearances in Congress provide perhaps the most ironic paradox in modern political history. For, although this ranch-born Montana woman has devoted her sixty years to the interests of peace, she has become, at least on the floor of Congress, a harbinger of war.

Back in 1917, as the first woman ever elected to Congress, Jeannette Rankin, in a burst of emotion, interrupted the vote on war to say that though loving her country she could not assent. After that single war-

rocked term, she vanished from the legislative limelight. Now, 21 years later, she has returned, only to enter an atmosphere that is similarly war-charged.

"We cannot be a Christian nation until we apply to the nation the laws of Christianity that apply to the individual," she once said.

Educated at the Montana State University, Miss Rankin led the fight that won woman suffrage in her state.

In 1940 she stumped her home state to win the election with her slogan: "Prepare to the limit for defense; keep our men out of Europe."

Caroline O'Day

It has been said that Mrs. Caroline Goodwin O'Day resembles the "Portrait of a Lady" by Velasquez. Indeed, a fellow congressman once graciously gave her the title, "The Gentle Lady."

Invariably dressed in black with contrasting touches of white, this congresswoman-at-large from New York is as original as her smart gowns, which rarely if ever are seen duplicated anywhere.

The widow of a Standard Oil magnate, Mrs. O'Day has been a member of Congress since 1934. That year, her

intimate friend, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, broke precedent by conducting a vigorous campaign in her behalf.

When told that she would not be re-elected if she sponsored certain bills, Mrs. O'Day replied: "Why be in Congress at all except to support measures you think desirable." Two years ago, she predicted that Congress some day would require a nation-wide vote before sending American soldiers abroad to fight. "Generations of mothers," she declared, "will bring this up, time after time, until it passes." Mrs. O'Day speaks feelingly. She is the mother of three children.





Mary T. Norton

If, for the first time in history, a woman should be nominated for the vice-presidency of the United States, that woman conceivably could be Mrs. Mary Teresa Norton. When such a suggestion was made to her last July, Mrs. Norton said: "I don't think it quite time yet for a woman to cast her hat into the vice-presidential ring. That time will come, though—perhaps in a decade."

Meanwhile, this gentlewoman, born and educated in New Jersey, who rose from a stenographer to chairman of the powerful House Labor Committee,

has scored numerous "firsts" for her sex. She was the first woman to be chairman of a state political committee; first woman Democrat elected to Congress; first woman to head a congressional committee; and the first person to introduce in Congress a constitutional amendment to repeal the 18th Amendment.

Mrs. Norton, 66 and a widow since 1935, always has refused to accept concessions because she is a woman. Once when a house member, said: "Of course I'll yield to the *lady*," she promptly replied that she was no lady but just another member of Congress and would proceed accordingly.

Hattie Caraway

"Chivalry's all right in the parlor, but mighty dangerous when carried into politics," once said Hattie Wyatt Caraway. Small, soft-spoken and sixty-three, Mrs. Caraway is no feminist, nor has she ever actively carried cudgels for suffrage. Yet, this black-eyed, farm-born woman was the first of her sex ever to be elected in her own right to the United States Senate.

"No, I don't call myself a radical," she has said, "nor do I call myself a conservative. I just try to figure out what is best for the people of the whole country, not just Arkansas."

Mrs. Caraway took the hurdle from homebody to United States Senator in 1931 when her husband, the late Senator Thaddeus C. Caraway, died suddenly. Then, in 1932, spectacularly aided by the late Huey P. Long, who vaulted state fences to help her, she swept triumphantly into her first full six-year term.

Back of her disarmingly plain, placid exterior, Senator Hattie Caraway, carries a facility for nailing down the nubbin of an issue in homely words. If asked why it is she makes so few speeches, she replies, "I haven't the heart to take a minute away from the men; the poor dears love it so."



Echoes and Encores:

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL FROM KING FEATURES SYND.



"Oh, for heaven's sake! Shut up!
I'll take the rap!"

BODLOW WILLARD FROM KING FEATURES SYND.



"I just now won it on the Anti-Aircraft
Range!"

JACK MARROW FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINE



"A strange thing has happened, folks.
The team from the Perkins Pet Shop
has won the quiz contest!"

DENTS WORTMAN FROM UNITED FEATURE SYND.



MOPEY DICK AND THE DUKE

"Quick, Mopey, turn the clean side up
company's coming."

CORONET

A Cartoon Digest

O. SOGLOW FROM KING FEATURES SYND.



"Have you any physical characteristics that would aid in identification?"

FROM LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



"Heinrich is just telling us about the cathedral that got away."

FRED NEHER FROM CONSOLIDATED NEWS FEATURES



"The bride's got the measles, so her brother's come as proxy."

GARDNER REA FROM COLLIER'S



"Well, we didn't win a prize—but we had fun biting a judge!"

JUNE, 1941

MAGDA LUPESCU WAS MORE THAN
AN INSPIRATION TO KING CAROL OF
RUMANIA; SHE WAS HIS STRENGTH



Lupescu at Twilight

by RENÉ KRAUS

THE most publicized romance of this century, excepting, of course, *l'affaire Windsor*, had been written about frequently in past years, because it was a Hollywood story—glamorous, sensational and unimportant.

Today, however, there is a bit of the Greek tragedy in the fate of ex-King Carol and Magda Lupescu, its hero and heroine. No matter what their fate may be at the time this is read—whether they are safe in the Americas, captured by the Gestapo or still on the run “somewhere on the Continent”—the drama of their lives has been a moving one.

These two lovers, who during all their mature lives have defied the world, who have enjoyed the personal possession of a kingdom of twenty-million people, have always been true to each other—

and to nobody else. Now, in the twilight of their colorful lives, they still have each other—and nobody else.

MAGDA was a little on the plump side when I first met her in Bucharest, almost twenty years ago. Unabashed, she complained that her ankles were too thick for her to compete with the perfect beauty, who at that time was Lillian Gish. For the rest, however, she would not have swapped her beauty for all of the American girl's. Least of all would she have swapped her hair for Lillian's blonde tresses. Magda's hair was all flame, her husband, a Captain of the Royal Rumanian Army, used to say. He is still a Captain in the Royal Army. He refused promotion as a consolation prize when his wife eloped with Crown

Prince Carol. Probably, by now, he is the oldest Captain in active service.

Some two years after our first meeting, during her Paris exile, Magda related to me the story of her first meeting with Carol. It was a saccharine tale of two youthful playmates, he eleven, she seven, who had met in the summer palace in Sinai. Actually, it seems, he ran across her at the Bucharest airport, on his return from Paris. He was in his middle twenties, and she—we won't count. He had to return in order to defend himself against most unpleasant accusations. Ugly rumors had charged the then Crown Prince with accepting kick-backs when he ordered French planes for the Rumanian Army. The rumors were stopped. The Prince went back to Paris. Magda dropped her husband's name, latinized her father's—Wolf—into Lupescu, and became Queen: Queen of the Boulevards, at least, and of the Paris night clubs.

"IT IS WORSE than hell!" she told me in those days. "The world treats us as fugitives. We can't say a word, we can't make a movement without starting gossip. Enemies everywhere. Helene? She behaves perfectly. She is an angel!"

It is distinctly unfriendly when a beautiful woman calls a pale, gawky girl, an angel. Magda was the fighting type. Helene, Princess of Greece, Carol's wife, whom he had divorced for his red-headed mistress, was an appeaser. Gracefully she retired to her native Athens, only showing her teeth when they wanted to take her baby boy, Michael, from her.

Twice a day she went to church, and it was many years before she allowed Nazi propaganda to use her name in order to stir up trouble in Rumania. Then, it is true, hundreds of thousands of photographs of the "martyr princess" were circulated throughout the country. They hung in every peasant's hut and were adored like pictures of a saint. Magda too, covered the walls of her villa, a stone's throw from the royal residence, with Helene's pictures. Beside each, however, hung her own likeness. Carol, when he came to dinner, could renew his choice.

Carol had to dine twice a day. First, tête-à-tête with Magda, in the green boudoir which so perfectly complemented her red hair. Then, officially, in his own royal suite. These dinners in the royal suite were dreaded by the entire court-society and the frequent foreign guests. No guest was permit-

ted to eat longer than the King. But the King had already satisfied his appetite, and he merely touched the dishes.

This was Carol's double life. There was a secret, heavily guarded tower in the Royal Palace to which Magda confined her visits. Only her personal confidants were allowed to see her, a dozen or so gentlemen of various occupations: courtiers, cabinet-ministers, bankers, businessmen—and the chief of the secret police. This secluded group formed the famous "Cam-arilla," which, for many years, ruled the destinies of Rumania. Magda herself never ruled.

Her name was banned from public discussion; the nation was just permitted to curse the "regime." But it was a happy time for Carol and Magda. First it was love; then it was business. Never have I seen a woman more sure of her hold on the man at her side; never have I seen a man more devoted to the woman he loved.

CAROL was a playboy when they first met. Their meeting was intended to be a springtime escape in Paris. In point of fact, it changed his entire life. His boyish features matured, his receding chin was suddenly more firmly set; his escapist's eyes, after their first years

together, wore an expression of determination. She did not make a lover out of the King. She made the lover a king.

He never presented her with a ring, although he frequently proposed to make her his morganatic wife—which she, in turn, always wisely refused. But once he gave her a jewel of truly magnificent beauty and value. Of symbolic value, too, for it was a large question mark in diamonds.

She wore it as a brooch on the occasion of a beauty competition in the biggest ballroom in Bucharest. Within twenty-four hours of her announcement that she would compete, Madame Lupescu received some two thousand letters threatening her with murder "at this God-given opportunity."

But Magda, sick of her mortal hide-and-seek game, challenged fate. She stood on the platform, her eyes shining more brilliantly than the diamond around her white neck. I had to shut my eyes. I knew this woman's body on the platform would suddenly crumple. When, in the end, I forced myself to look at her, I saw her—no, not smiling—grinning is the word. She neither glanced at the jury nor at the spectators. She must have seen the cadaverous head of Death. She laughed.

In this moment she was downright ugly. Of course she received the first award.

Is one wiser after a rendezvous with death? In any event, the beauty contest was Magda's last appearance in public. No longer was she seen in the official residence. To prove her good intentions, the secret tower was walled up. She did not want to stand in Carol's way.

Carol, in turn, repaid her care with perfect loyalty. His castle assumed the atmosphere of an English club, and Michael, the boy, was recalled. The thirteen-year-old Prince soon became Carol's image, the similarity going so far that he often visited Magda's white marble villa secretly, to relate to his beautiful step-mother the burning secret of his own heart. As in his father's case, she was, unfortunately, a commoner. Her name was Vera, her age nine.

THE KING plunged headlong into state affairs. He felt the doom of Europe and his own Rumanian soil trembling under his feet. I once congratulated him upon his efforts to make Rumania a model state. "Model state?" he countered incredulously. You could see him shaking in his shoes. But in a moment he regained his compos-

ure. "Model state of course!" he echoed three or four times.

I will be damned if I believe—in spite of her record—that Magda was just a glorified gold-digger. Why, she made this man! She tutored, led, developed him. He was her creation. True, at forty-five she no longer looked twenty-five. But she had gained in wisdom what she had lost in beauty.

She was sick of the constant dangers for both of their lives. But there was no escape. One day, two months before the outbreak of war, Magda was gone.

On the surface, Carol showed no signs of missing her. Undaunted, he carried on his increasingly difficult job. Perhaps he might have saved Rumania, had he aligned himself in time with the fighting democracies. But he preferred to bend back until he stumbled and fell. In the moment of extreme crisis, he cut all ties with England. His world trembled.

And then Magda was back, with him. Back in the atmosphere of murder, exposed to the dangers of a thousand deaths. Cynics believe she just wanted to collect the fortune she had left behind. Romanticists say she wanted to save the king. If you ask me, I believe in both versions. She wanted both, her money and her lover.

Such is human nature.

The money, though, was lost. The king bundled her into the armored train that stood waiting in his private station day and night, says the official version. Actually, it was Magda who did the bundling. Carol came to his senses again when the train was steaming through the country, a hail of bullets meeting it at every stop.

There was no chance of remaining on the French Riviera, where once they had spent happy days and nights in an exile that now didn't seem so bad, after all. Now

they could only begin that tireless game of hide-and-seek.

Perhaps America will, after all, open her gates to them. Or perhaps, in the end, Himmler's men will get them. Each would be something of a happy end; for if neither comes to pass, this greatest love story of our times will melt away in fear, in flight and in hiding.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

ROUMANIA UNDER KING CAROL
by H. Bolitho \$2.75
Longmans, Green & Co., New York

INSIDE EUROPE
by John Gunther \$3.50
Harper & Brothers, New York

John Costigan

Tenderly sympathetic, poignant and deeply sincere portrayals have come from John E. Costigan, greatest of America's self-taught artists, whose etchings are reproduced on both sides of the facing gatefold. Born in Providence, Costigan, now turned 53, tall, gaunt and with an unruly shock of white hair, lives a simple farm life on rolling acres in Orangeburg, New York. After the chores, he spends his daylight hours painting his own locale, people—even his own children, Rosella, Danny and Jackie. In *Fisherman Three*, for instance, he has caught them humorously, as they fish for trout for the family dinner with improvised tackle. Costigan's fine sense of etching quality is so unique that actual color of sunlight seems to be poured into his works. Out of the sharpness of an etching line he can create warmth, transmit the softness of damp earth or new-born lambs. He has been awarded almost every prize granted in contemporary American art; the total of his awards is greater than that of any of his contemporaries.



COURTESY OF ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK

FISHERMEN THREE BY JOHN COSTIGAN



FISHERMEN THREE BY JOHN COSTIGAN







GOING HOME BY JOHN COSTIGAN



GOING HOME BY JOHN COSTIGAN

COURTESY OF ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK

WHEN MARY TENNESSEE HEAR
THAT SMALL VOICE, SHE KNOWED IT
FOR THE TRUTH: A SHORT STORY



Rendezvous with Death

by LOUIS ZARA

THE way Mary Tennessee tell it, she heard the call long about sundown. She had milked Big Joy and turned her out again, and the clink of her bell was just as plain down by the creek. The hogs was quiet, and the chickens was so still, you'd thought they was kilt and fried and eat. The dog was down the road behind the tourister cabins of Old Man Car-diff, nosing in the garbage there. Mary Tennessee was setting alone on the porch of her yellow house, a-rocking herself in a hickory-splint-bottomed old rocker and thinking her own thoughts, poor old widow-woman.

Then it come.

Mary Tennessee shift her quid and sit up, peering out into the twilight.

"What's that?" she thinks to herself, but she knows what it is.

It weren't no bird and it weren't no brute. It were the still small voice, and she knowed it for what it were. "I knowed it were a-com-ing," she said and begin to rock again. "That's just what I knowed it would do."

She sit there a long time. The mist come over the creek like a dying man's breath, and she hear the whippoorwill. They say that's a sure sign, but she never moved nor nothing. Then the moon come over the holler, and it purtied up the field something wonderful, like only the old full moon can do. Soon the owls began to hoot and screech on the ridge. In the brush by the side of the dirt road in front of the house a bobwhite was sitting. You couldn't rightly see him. Only his shining eyes. They're like cat's-eyes.

The old woman sit there and

rock. She listen hard, and it come again. She hear that still small voice, and she knowed it was real. She feel it pounding in her heart, and she knowed it for the truth.

She got up then, and went into the house after the old Bible. Then she smoothen her dress, and she sit with the Good Book on her lap, the pages spread open wide. It were too dark to read, but even if it weren't she don't know how to read. She just sit there with the Word, listening to the night.

SHE WERE UP in the morning with the first crow out of old Dan'l, the rooster. It were still dark, and she went down to the creek and bathed herself quick. She see a snake swimming down near the rocks and minnies jumping water like there was a big one after them, but otherwise it were so purty it make the old woman suck in her breath.

She work like a beaver to get her chores done early. Along midmorning she went and got her a chicken. She held it by the neck and swung her arm round and round quick, and there she had the head in her hand and the chicken hopping about in the grass. She put on her bonnet and went to catch old Dan'l. Then she put him in a sack with the kilt chick-

en. After that she carried them down to Lem Flaxbeard's place.

Lem hisself was sharpening up a plane-blade in his workshed. Mary Tennessee she come up aways to the shed and give a holler, "Lem Flaxbeard, I got to have words with you!"

He spit out the doorway to show he were in there. After a spell he come out and lean against the side of the shed, studying his plane-blade.

"Lem," says Mary Tennessee, "I brung you chicken for your supper." With that she open the sack and take out the kilt chicken.

He look up quick and his eyes shine. "Mary, if there's druthers let it be old Dan'l the rooster."

She shook out the sack. "There's Dan'l and you know I wouldn't give him up, less for one reason."

He watched the rooster stalking over the yard and spit as far as he could. "I'm ready to do it like I said I was."

She squinted into the sun, eyeing the rooster, and turned back to him. "Lem, I picked me the old walnut tree. I want a walnut one," she says. "Out of the big old walnut tree that my granddad set out when he first took up here."

"Try the wood carver," he says. "The one up the road near the highway. Says he'd pay nine

dollars for her as she stands."

Mary Tennessee dug her toes hard into the dirt. Her eyes got a gray look to them. "And make bowls and jars for tourists to buy," she shrills. "I want for it to make my—" She wouldn't say the word.

"I was borned near it," she carry on, coming back to her natural voice. "I growed up under it. Now I want for to lay down in it when the time comes."

His eyes run from her and fixed on Dan'l the rooster sitting on the board-fence. "She'll take purt near the whole of the *little* walnut to make up for the work of it."

"Ain't the way you said it last time!" she snaps out.

He didn't answer, and he didn't look at her. She ran her fingers at the neck of her dress and pressed her lips together. But when she spoke up she says, "Don't know that I'd want the little walnut standing after the big one was cut down."

THEY COME along after sunup before it got hot, Lem, his brother Jake that has two wives living, and a jug of corn to easy the work. They were for cutting the little walnut first, but she up and said no. So they moved over to the big old walnut that Mary Tennessee's

granddad had set out.

That tree was forty feet high and maybe more. It was as big around as a hogshead in the thickest part of the trunk and twenty-some feet up it spread into four limbs that was each one bigger around than a keg of nails. Every fall they used to take a bushel of walnuts just from that one tree, and in the shade it throwed in the heat of summer a dozen farmhands could of slept side by side.

Lem and Jake begin to chop, one on each side, and Mary Tennessee sitting there to watch. When they had eat big wedges into the side, they put down their axes and they took up the two-handed saw. They sawed up and back and as they sawed Mary Tennessee she rock up and back with them. It wern't until about sundown that the old tree come down.

The night before they hauled the timber off to the sawmill Mary Tennessee sat on the porch looking out in the light of the waning moon. The tree down was like someone had tore a hole in a wall in front of her, and she could for the first time in her whole life look out clear across to the oat-field that belonged to Nicholas Comfort.

They brought a team of mules and a set of dragchains and they

took the big walnut to the saw-mill. Lem was for taking the boards back to his place to let them season there, but Mary wouldn't have no part of it. So they brung the boards back and laid them up in the barn loft with enough space between so the air could get at them. Jake was for cutting down the little walnut right off, but Mary Tennessee set her hind legs, and they let it be.

THE BOARDS lay up in the loft a year and then into the next spring. Times Lem Flaxbeard come by and climbed up to turn the boards this way and that so the air would get at all of them even.

Along in the hot days near two years after she had heard it, there come the second call. It happened about the same way too. It weren't quite dark, and the dog set up a yammer that near scairt her out of the rocker. She sit up to holler at him and before she could open her mouth she hear it plain as the nose on your face. It was the still small voice and no mistaking about it. Mary Tennessee give a little shiver and says, "Praise the Lord!"

Next morning she was over to Lem Flaxbeard's. "Lem," she says, "them boards ought to be ready."

"Ought to get the *little* walnut

out fore we're shet of the big one," says Lem and spit over his shoulder.

She put her fingers together and looked at them. "Might be I couldn't wait, Lem," she says low.

"Ought to cut down the *little* one first," he says.

That's how it was. Lem and Jake they come and they cut down the little walnut tree first before they even took the big walnut boards down from the barn loft. They would have hauled the little walnut away, but Mary Tennessee put her foot down. So they brought their tools and carpenter's horses and they set it up in front of the house where she could watch them.

They laid out the walnut boards and made marks on them. Jake would have put some by, but Mary Tennessee come out and counted them up.

"There's enough for two," says Jake, and Lem looked on.

"That's just what I know" says Mary Tennessee, "Lem promised to make two, one to go inside fitting snug, with a lid and a wooden hinge over the head."

So they built two. When the word got around, the neighbors come up one by one. They set on the porch with Mary Tennessee and talked as they watched Lem

and his brother Jake planing and sawing and fitting and making the pegs.

Mary Tennessee got out her last year's preserves and dandelion wine and pickled walnuts, and them that come by could set and have themselves a time.

They made the little box first and had the lid with the wooden hinge fixed 'fore they started on the big outside box. It took three days in all and when the last peg was drove she set out dandelion wine for the Flaxbeards.

Mary Tennessee asked Lem to carry the boxes, one in the other, up into the house. But the yellow house was a little one room, and when they got the box through the door they couldn't rightly turn it around.

So she had them set it out lengthwise on the porch. Then seeing as how they were done she let

them carry away the *little* walnut.

That night she sit on the porch in her hickory-splint-bottomed old rocker with the Good Book on her lap, rocking and thinking. The box stood so close she could stretch out her hand and feel the strong boards.

The chickens was all quiet, and the pigs was still. Big Joy was down by the creek, but her bell was faint. The owls was beginning to hoot, and off in the brush the bobwhites was drumming. The moon was old and late in coming up. Mary Tennessee heard a wind come sweeping through the holler, and she listen hard. Her fingers tighten up on the Good Book in her lap, and she wait, sitting up straight in the old rocker.

"This be the third time," she thinks and squints into the dark. But she feels easy now. She know she were ready.

Suitable Reward

AN ALCHEMIST sought an un-earned reward from Leo X by pretending to have discovered a process whereby he could transmute baser metals into gold.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed

Leo. "You shall have your reward."

Whereupon he bestowed upon the expectant alchemist a large purse in which to put the gold that he would make.

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS MAY NOT BE
CLASSED AS GEMS, BUT THEY'RE
INFINITELY MORE VALUABLE TO MAN



Diamonds for Defense

by ROGER KAFKA

ONE April morning in 1936, the tiny Moose River Gold Mine made smashing banner headlines all over the world. Three men had been buried alive beneath a hundred and fifty feet of solid rock. Crack newsmen, both press and radio, flew to this remote corner of Nova Scotia to give their eyewitness accounts of the grisly detail of an adventure that was certain to end in death.

Yet two were saved, and the "miracle" that came to their aid was the diamond. Not the sparkling brilliant, freighted with romance that gleams with fiery luster from the rich velvet of a jeweler's box, but its hardworking and unsung brother, the industrial diamond. Not perfect enough to be a luxury, the industrial diamond has become a necessity. With the new rearmament pro-

gram getting under way these "inferior" diamonds rank well up in the list with rubber, tin, manganese and all the other strategic products to which the Cassandra commentators always direct our attention. In the case of the mine cave-in, the tiny, dun-colored gems cut their way through the rock, making a small shaft through which medicines, food and drink were piped to the tortured men below.

The diamond drill used is as commonplace to the gold miners as it is to the engineers and geologists. It is simply a hollow steel cylinder tipped by a bit studded with diamonds. Being at least twice as hard as any other known substance, man-made or natural, these diamonds can cut right through everything with the greatest of ease. As the drill goes down,

a part of the rock through which it passes is forced up inside, and this "core," sometimes one and a half feet in diameter, can be tested by experts to tell them what lies thousands of feet below the surface of the earth. Thus, when not used in life-saving, it is invaluable in searching for minerals and in testing sites for buildings, bridges and dams.

Double use of the device was made some years ago in London when St. Paul's Cathedral began to sink very rapidly. Diamond drill sampling revealed that the rock structure far below the foundations had disintegrated. It appeared that the historic old landmark would have to be destroyed as a menace to public safety, until an ingenious engineer hit upon the notion of doing more diamond drilling and then forcing cement under high pressure down into the drill holes to replace the natural underpinnings.

INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS are cheap, averaging about eight dollars a carat compared to some eight hundred for the finest gem stones. But they are infinitely more valuable to mankind. Mass production would be almost impossible without them. The interchangeability of parts in automobiles, air-

planes, and electrical equipment would be unknown but for the accuracy with which parts can be machined with industrial diamonds.

Just to give you an idea: three one-thousandths of an inch is about the thickness of a human hair, yet some diamond ground tools are accurate to within *five one-millionths* of an inch!

By now every child knows that modern battle depends not so much on tactics in the field as it does upon an efficient production system at home to turn out vast quantities of mechanized equipment. It is in this connection, then, that the diamond assumes its vital role. Planes, giant tanks and heavy guns must be supplied with parts, crankshafts, bearings and valves for immediate replacement on mountain sides or distant islands. The same standardization of equipment is imperative in either case and precision to within ten-thousandths of an inch becomes not only customary, but essential for speedy production or repair. And such precision can be achieved solely by grinding wheels that are themselves perfectly dressed and trued—work that can only be done by diamonds.

So vital is the diamond for such uses in the manufacture of ma-

chinery of every kind that the British, who control most of the world's output have strained every effort to see that the Germans are not permitted to buy any. A strict embargo on diamonds has been part of the scheme to throttle Hitler economically. As an example of how seriously the British government took this matter, consider the "international incident" that resulted when the trans-Atlantic clipper mails were seized recently. Well-informed sources believe that the best explanation of this unusually drastic affront to the United States was the fact that the British were willing to go to unprecedented lengths to stop a small packet of industrial diamonds from getting to the Reich via the mail that was believed to be aboard the clipper.

Today, seventy-five per cent of all diamonds mined are used industrially. Besides being used in drilling, an additional important use of the industrial diamond is in the manufacture of wire, essential to telegraph, telephone and electric power transmission. For this the metal is pulled, like thread, through the eye of a diamond needle, to make it endlessly uniform in size. As much as eight thousand miles of copper wire have been drawn through a single

such needle without any variation in width whatsoever.

The automobile industry is probably the biggest single user of industrial diamonds (Ford, for example, employing a special purchasing agent to buy about one thousand stones a year for a half-million dollars), but they also find their way into the production of thousands of other objects as diverse as vanity cases, billiard balls, telephone mouth-pieces and locomotives.

OF COURSE, in every case the industrial diamond is used for only one basic reason. It is harder than anything else. Chemically, it is the same as charcoal or a pencil lead, pure carbon, but the difference is that in the diamond the carbon has crystallized. This process must have taken place under conditions of unbelievable heat and titanic pressure, sometime when the world was very young.

For most of its uses the industrial diamond must be cut as carefully as the brilliant. Only, whereas the more costly gem is cut for beauty, the industrial is cut for practical considerations. American cutters reached their peak in brilliant cutting when the half pound, two million dollar Jonker was entrusted to Lazare Kaplan

of New York to be turned into jeweler's "ice." Mr. Kaplan had a doctor and nurse standing by to minister to him just in case he made an error. Now, with the Amsterdam and Antwerp craftsmen, who have been paramount in this field for five hundred years, frozen out by the war, more and more industrial cutting is being done here and native workers will soon be pre-eminent in both realms.

Having the best mass production system in the world, the United States uses the most industrial diamonds. And while it is true that England has a virtual monopoly on diamond production through

her control of the great South African mines which produce almost ninety per cent of all the diamonds in the world, American factories would be able to go right on with little trouble if, for any reason that supply were cut off. Besides those from Brazil, diamonds suitable for industrial use have been found in Indiana, Ohio, California, North Carolina and Wisconsin. And ten thousand have been taken from Arkansas, one weighing forty carats. At present the cost of production is too high to make diamond mining profitable here, but any time that situation changes, we'll be able to take care of ourselves.

For Service Rendered

HIGH against the top of the Berkeley hills one morning a vigorous old man busily worked laying a stone wall. He wore an old linen duster, and his hands were mud caked. As he worked, a fashionable carriage drawn by an elegant team of blacks drew abreast of the old man. The driver, an important soul in a top hat, inquired, "Can you tell me where the poet, Joaquin Miller, lives?"

The other pointed up a long flight above them to a house

half hidden in eucalyptus trees. "Up there."

The visitor stepped down, pulled out half a dollar. "Here. Hold my horses for me, my good man."

Obligingly, the worker wiped off his hands and stepped to the horses' heads while the other went puffing up the steep mountain side. Twenty minutes later he returned, red-faced, and drove off without a word. Joaquin Miller went back to building the wall.—MARGARET GIBBS

PSYCHIC INDIVIDUALS have of late fallen upon evil days—perhaps deservedly. But the facts here set forth are attested by Harry Price, lifelong fighter against fraudulent psychics.

In the fog-dripping dawn of Sunday, October 5, 1930, the British dirigible R-101 crashed near Beauvais, France. In one flame-scared instant, sudden death came to her commander, Flight Lieutenant H. C. Irwin and forty-five others. Three days later, Mrs. Eileen Garrett professed to be momentarily under control of an "entity" who claimed to be Flight Lieutenant Irwin.

The "entity" discussed the crash, said: "Useful lift too small; elevator jammed; gross lift badly computed; bulk of dirigible too much for her engine capacity; we almost scraped the roofs of Achy. This exorbitant scheme of carbon and hydrogen is absolutely wrong."

The official investigation of the disaster proved the truth of every fact stated by the "entity." Achy, a tiny village, had not appeared in any report of the crash. The hamlet was, however, on the very large map Flight Lieutenant Irwin was using. A villager of Achy stated at the investigation that the airship almost touched the church tower. The experiments with carbon and hydrogen as a fuel were a military secret, guarded night and day.

Those are the facts, and facts are still stubborn things. Mrs. Garrett *could not* have known. Only one brain pos-

Forgotten

"We are the damned," the stories that follow might say. "We are the tales which were authentic, but unbelievable. We are the mysteries which could not be explained, and were therefore forgotten and left to

seased all of that information, and that brain went beyond the final question mark in a moment of flame and fog, of buckled girders and ripping fabric, when the R-101 ended her shadowed destiny.



DEEP IN THE jungles of Ceylon, two Englishmen set about the semi-prosaic job of shooting a travel film outside the time-battered temple of Kataragama. At once, the Britishers, artist Brook-Farrar and photographer G. A. Smith, were attracted by a slim, half nude, dancing girl who swayed in front of what had once been a wall.

Swiftly a tripod was set up, and a camera focused on the figure. The girl was centered in the camera finder, the release lever clicked, and film began to grind past the shutter. For several minutes the filming continued, while the girl weaved slowly and gracefully through the intricate steps of a ceremonial dance.

And as the girl swayed and the film spun through the camera, natives stood by watching, half amused ex-

Mysteries

lie in dust. Now it is our desire to be given just one more hearing, before we are doomed forevermore to dwell in those hidden recesses beyond the memory of man. Will you grant us this one last favor?"

pressions on their faces. Suddenly the girl vanished. So sudden was her disappearance that the Englishmen were momentarily startled. Then, deciding that she had stepped behind a rock or tree, they packed their equipment, well satisfied.

Later they developed the film. There was the temple. There was the bright, hard sunlight. There were the amused natives. *But there was no dancing girl*

Not one frame of film carried an impression of that swaying figure which had appeared so clearly in the finder.

The case was reported. Nobody could explain it. A ghost you cannot photograph belongs in pulp paper fiction—not in real life. There was nothing to do but forget.



JONATHAN SWIFT never revealed the source of the astronomy included in *Gulliver's Travels*. In the original edition, published in 1726, Gulliver visits the mythical island of Laputa, whose famed astronomers, Swift tells us, had

discovered that Mars had two moons, one of which traveled twice as fast as the other.

In 1726 the best astronomers of the real world maintained that Mars was moonless. One hundred and fifty years later, in 1877, the Naval Observatory at Washington, D.C., discovered that Mars had two moons, *one of which traveled just twice as fast as the other.*

The elasticity of coincidence is, after all, limited. So it has been easier to forget.



"YES," REPLIED Stephen Kelly to General Allenby, "I can find water. You see, I'm a water diviner."

And so saying, he looked over the ground around the sun-scorched desert outpost of Abu Ghalyan; looked also at the two bone-dry holes where British engineers had tried to find water. Then he took up his divining rod and went to work. "Dig here," he said.

Abundant water was found at thirteen feet. And with their water supply secure, the British columns moved on—on across Palestine to destroy the Turkish army and take Jerusalem.

The world well remembers how General Allenby dismounted and entered Jerusalem on foot. The world has long forgotten the water diviner named Kelly, who, with the laughter of science loud in his ears, made it possible for Allenby to enter Jerusalem at all.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

ALL EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY, THOSE
TAYLORS SEEKING A MORE GLAMOROUS ORIGIN
STILL CONTRIVE TO PRESS THEIR SUIT

Is Your Name Taylor?

by ALVIN F. HARLOW

FOR some reason or other, many of the ladies who are becoming excited over their family tree nowadays are particularly irked at finding tailors among their progenitors. One lady, when a genealogist discovered two generations of such artisans in her direct male line positively declined to accept them.

As a matter of fact, there are probably millions of us who are descended from tailors, if we only knew it. To begin with, there are those named Taylor and Schneider and Sarto and so on, which all mean the same thing, depending upon whether you say it in English, German, Italian or some other language. And when you add the descendants of women born with

these names who have married into other families, plus the descendants of tailors of other names, you have quite a multitude of people.

There is one pretty legend to which some of the Taylors cling like leeches. When that noted marauder, Duke William the Conqueror, came over to seize England in 1066 and was about to meet the Anglo-Saxons in battle at Hastings, one Taillefer, a pal of William's was permitted to strike the first blow.

Some of the Taylor amateur genealogists show a tendency to make Taillefer a "Baron"; and Bulwer-Lytton, most flamboyant of novelists, as might be expected, pictures him as "of gigantic stature." He rode forth in front of the Norman host, sing-



Taylor

INTERNATIONAL HERALDIC INSTITUTE

ing songs of Roland and Charlemagne. And when an Englishman rode forth to meet him, Taillefer, in Bulwer's account, "shore the unhappy Saxon from the helm to the chine," in other words, split his head open, "and riding over his corpse, shouting and laughing, renewed his challenge." He disposed of one more antagonist before he himself was overpowered and slain.

That Taillefer fought and died as described at Hastings seems to have been accepted by historians. But that the Conqueror drank a toast to him on the battlefield and swore that his heirs should have a county in fee simple and a motto, "Consequitor quodcunque petit," (He accomplishes what he undertakes) is not authenticated.

An Edward Taylor—from Yorkshire as the ship records show—came over and bought land in New Jersey about 1682. His descendants trace his family line back to a John Taylor of Kent, England, and some of them, claiming descent from Taillefer, display a coat of arms with the motto said to have been coined by William the Conqueror. One of Edward's sons, George, liked variety, and wrote his name variously Talor and Talar. From this New Jersey family have sprung many notable

persons; men such as John W. Taylor (1784-1854), statesman and famous anti-slavery leader; Joseph Wright Taylor (1810-80), merchant, physician and founder of Bryn Mawr College; James Monroe Taylor, President of Vassar from 1886 to 1914, and others. They seem to deserve the motto, "He accomplishes what he undertakes." A curious little side-light is that one of the descendants of the black slaves owned by this family in New Jersey in the 18th century was Sam Langford, famous Negro heavyweight boxer of yesteryear.

MOST GENEALOGISTS, however, are agreed that Taylor is one of those occupational surnames which appeared in the Middle Ages. Today's Taylors are probably all descended from artisans who fashioned cloaks and doublets for medieval gallants. A descendant of Anthony Taylor, who came from England in 1635—one of the earliest in America—and settled in Hampton, N. H., where his descendants may be found yet, says, "There are several attractive Taylor coats of arms, but it is extremely doubtful if Anthony Taylor, the Hampton pioneer, ever heard of them."

When Edward I of England

came back from his crusade to the Holy Land in 1273, he needed money to pay for the trip, and so caused a survey of families and wealth—called “The Hundred Rolls”—to be made for purposes of taxation. Here for the first time appear many modern surnames, some of them very significant—le Baker, le Draper, le Weaver, le Butcher, etc. Taylor appears in a score of forms. There was a Henry Taliur in Norfolk, a Roger le Taylur in Lincolnshire, and elsewhere were Le Tayller, Tallyur, Tayleure, Taillir, Taylard and others too numerous to mention. The “le” was subsequently dropped, as being too much of a give-away. Most family spellings finally settled down to Taylor, but variations still persist. A wealthy family of New York spell it Tailer, and one of the aristocratic Virginia names of Colonial days was Tayloc.

Some Taylors rose rapidly in the social scale in England, and there were and are noble families of the name, with coats of arms. The one most widely used is that of the Earls of Bective and Marquises of Headfort, which displays boars’ heads on the shield, and for the crest a naked arm grasping an arrow. This differs in various families; as for example,

in one the arm is mailed.

It is said that by 1650 more than twenty-five Taylors, apparently unrelated, had settled in New England and started families; and there were three times as many more farther down the Atlantic Coast. From one of these was descended Bayard Taylor, 19th century author. From the New England families came such men as Bert Leston Taylor, beloved Chicago newspaper columnist, and William L. Taylor, illustrator of the *Ladies Home Journal* thirty to fifty years ago, whose beautiful paintings of Biblical, historical and literary scenes have made those old volumes of the *Journal* art collectors’ items.

THERE ARE NOT a few American Taylors who can boast of royal ancestry. Rev. Edward Taylor who emigrated to Westfield, Mass., in 1668, had eight daughters by his first marriage and five girls and a boy by his second. With the second wife, Ruth Wyllys, royal blood entered this Taylor family; for she was descended from King Edward III of England, through John of Gaunt, the Beauforts, Nevilles and Fitzhughs. Remember that it is much easier to trace a line through noble ancestry. They kept tabs on such things.

John Cleves Symmes, one of the founders of Cincinnati, was said to be descended through many generations from Alfred the Great. His daughter married President William Henry Harrison, and their daughter married William H. H. Taylor, from whence sprang a considerable progeny. From Robert III of Scotland and through Judith Fleming, who married Thomas Randolph of Virginia, we come at last to Patsey Randolph. She married J. C. Randolph Taylor and scattered descendants over Virginia and elsewhere. A New York family descends from Henry III of England through Plantagenets Lovels, Norreys, Jephsons to Laura Jephson, who married George E. Taylor of Pennington, England in 1828.

James Taylor, who came from Carlisle, England to Virginia about 1650, was a notable American ancestor. One of his grandsons was John Penn, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Another was John Taylor of Caroline County, famous advocate of free trade and local self-government, and one of the greatest statesmen of the Revolutionary period.

James Taylor had still a third son, Colonel James the second, who bought 10,000 acres of land

in Orange County and built his country mansion, "Bloomsbury." Descendants of this eminent family included President James Madison and Zachary Taylor, Mexican War hero and President of the United States. Zachary was a second cousin to President Madison; he was also a cousin in some degree to Gen. Robert E. Lee, and a more distant cousin to Presidents Tyler and W. H. Harrison. His daughter, Sarah, married Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, and a son became Gen. Richard Taylor, C. S. A.

ONE OF THE daffiest political campaigns in history centered itself around some Taylor brothers, probably offshoots of the Bloomsbury family. The scene was Tennessee, where Robert L. Taylor, Democrat, Alfred Taylor, Republican and a third brother Dave, Prohibitionist, all ran for governorship. Bob and Alf jaunted about the state, fiddling hoe-down music, telling stories and swapping stingless repartee. Bob won, and was Governor for three terms. Alf served in Congress, and became Governor of Tennessee after his brother's death.

Scotland and Ireland sent us Taylors, too. Among the descendants have been Samuel Harvey

Taylor (1807-71), noted principal of Phillips Andover Academy for thirty-four years and Hannis Taylor, the minister to Spain during our war with that country in 1898.

Colorful George Taylor, Pennsylvania ironmaster and signer of the Declaration of Independence, was long thought to be Scotch-Irish (no one knows where he was born), but it has been found that he used as a bookplate the arms of the ancient Taylor family of Durant Hall, Derbyshire, which seems to mark him as English. He married the Widow Savage—whose maiden name, oddly enough, was Taylor—and had two children by her; but he also fathered five il-

legitimate children by his housekeeper, who all took the name of Taylor. The descendants of some of them assumed Savage as a middle name, as if hinting that they were descended from the real wife, much to the annoyance of the legitimists.

The achievements of the Taylors in science, the arts and professions, business, government and war are too numerous to be chronicled in full here. But we must not forget Jane Taylor, who, over in England, 125 years ago wrote that immortal classic, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and published it in a book with the gripping title, "Original Poems for Infant Minds."

Slightly Off-Center

WILL ROGERS used to tell a story about a friend of his, who was crazy about hunting, in spite of being a miserable shot. One day he met the friend, coming home from a day's shooting and obviously in the dumps.

"Didn't you get anything?" asked Will.

"Not a durned thing," said the man. "I was so ashamed to face my wife again that I went

to one of the local butchers who obligingly tied a live rabbit to a tree for me to take a shot at."

Seeing that he had no rabbit with him, Rogers exclaimed, "What! Mean to tell me you even missed that?"

"Oh I made a swell shot," said the fellow gloomily, "Hit the rope clean in the middle, and I haven't seen the rabbit since!"

—BLANCHE KAHN

Coronet's
Gallery of Photographs

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ČENĚK VOSTA
HAAR
BERNARD MEDINA
DON WALLACE
MALAK
VICTOR DE PALMA
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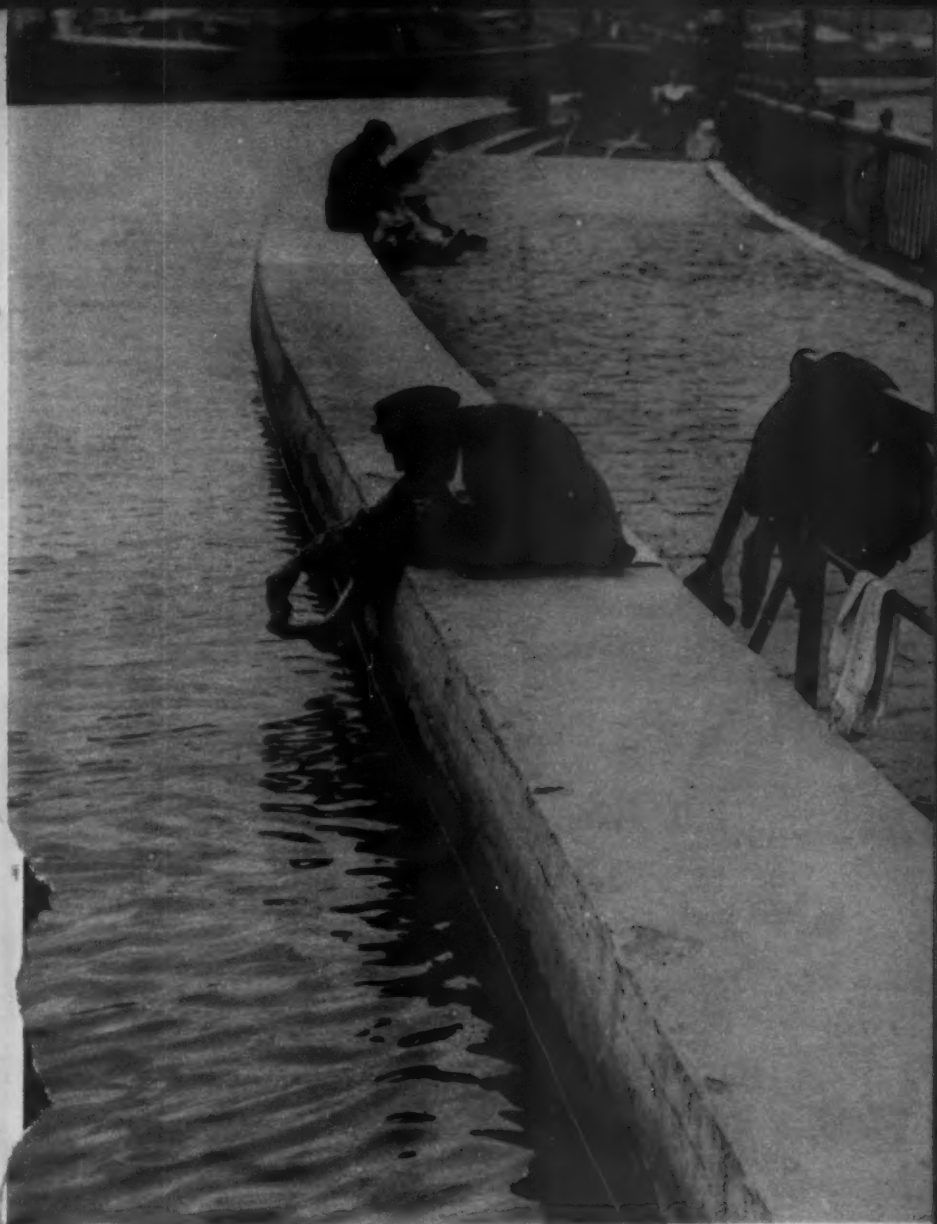
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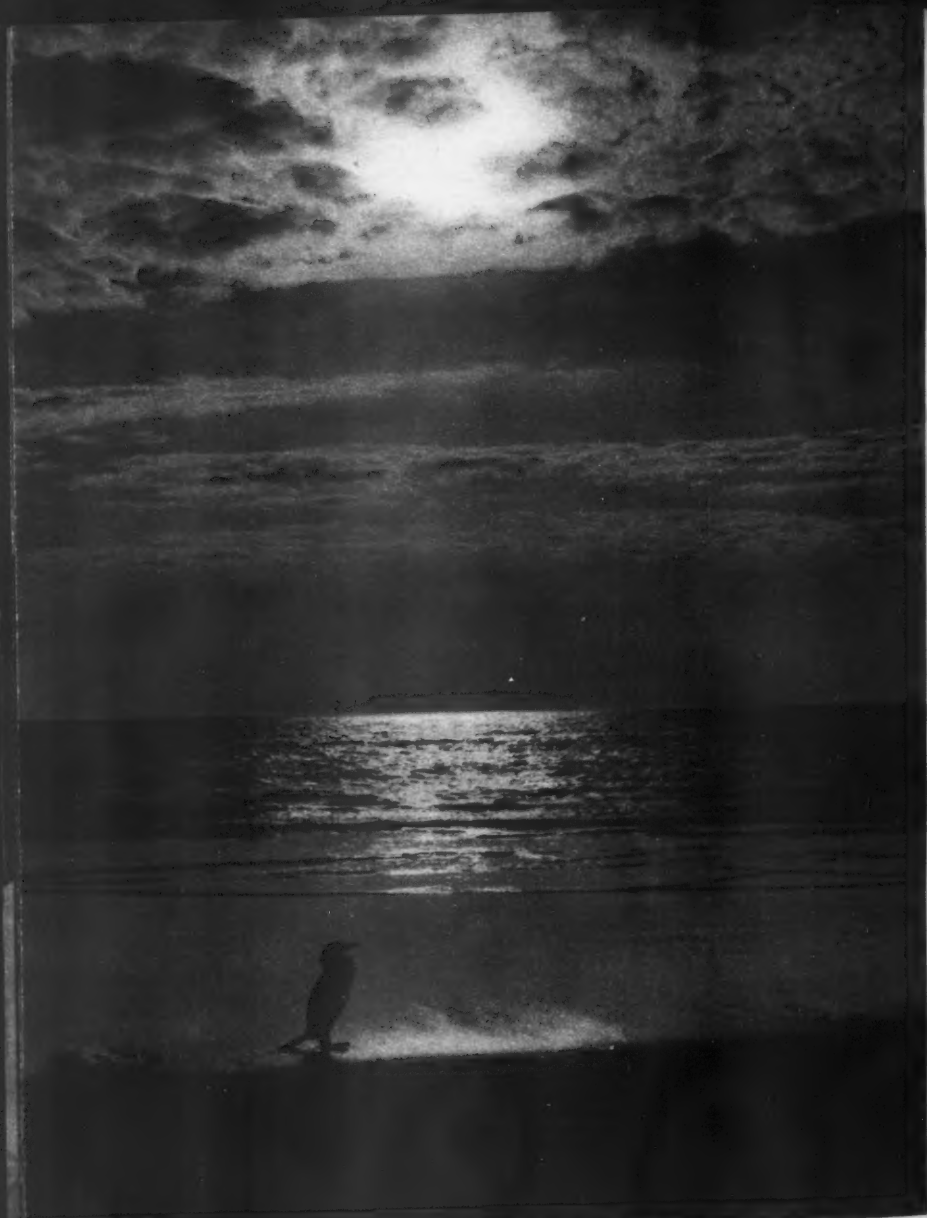
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A REPORT FROM A STRICTLY NEUTRAL
OBSERVER ON WHO IS DOING WHAT IN
THE REALM OF THE VERY LIVELY ARTS

Carleton Smith's Corner.

Coronets:

To Alec Terapleton and André Kostelanetz for bringing Gershwin to life: their recording of the *Rhapsody* is unbelievable.

To *Ambassador Dodd's Diary*: authoritative annotations which give perspective on contemporary history.

To Jan Valtin for *Out of the Night*: unforgettable story of a fugitive from injustice.

To Russel Swan, dean of night club magicians: a magic circus.

To Purdue University's Men's Bum Room: a last refuge for the privacy of man.

No-Hums:

To Marx Brothers in *Go West*: they try too hard.

To John Charles Thomas for miss-

ing the subtleties in Iago's *Credo* (Victor 17639).

To *The Cautious Amorist*: two men and a girl shipwrecked on a desert island; vulgarity glamorized.

To *Nice Girl*: without sparkle or spontaneity. . . . If more plausible stories are not found, Deanna will go the way of all musical movie stars.

Thorns:

To Gypsy Rose Lee who has little to show.

To *Boston Blackie* serials: preposterous screen horrors.

To snob sisters who allow personal vanity to interfere with their aid to Britain.

To juke-box "jump" records.

To summer radio fare: our ears are no less sensitive in June than January.

Inveterate:

Walker: Chief Justice Hughes.
Talker: Oscar Levant.
Spinach Eater: Al Jolson.
Wallet-Wielder: Cordell Hull.
Camera Fiend: Edgar Bergen.
Equestrian: Henry Morgenthau, Jr.
Ice Box Raider: Hedy Lamarr.

Statistics Show:

There are more jobs than men in the United States:

Jimmy Dorsey and Guy Lombardo drew most cover charge customers to N. Y. hotels.

Boom Town was the public's favorite 1940 picture.

Between 1492 and 1941, 91% of all years had wars.

Silhouettes (by Milton Berle):

Peggy Hopkins Joyce: "Hubby Lobby."

Gertrude Lawrence: "Lady in the Sock."

Martha Raye: "Holland Tunnel with Lip Rouge."

Dramatic Critic: "A kibitzer with a typewriter."

Individualisms:

George Jean Nathan wears his winter clothes to air-cooled restaurants to avoid pneumonia.

James Farley doesn't object to having his photo taken *provided* it is used.

Kirsten Flagstad refuses to hire a maid, a secretary or a private automobile.

Winston Churchill relaxes by listening to Negro spirituals.

So They Say:

Charlie Chaplin: "We think too much and feel too little."

Eddie Cantor: "The most dangerous part of an automobile is the nut behind the wheel."

George F. Eliot: "Delay in declaring war is necessary in order to educate the American public."

Minister to bridegroom: "Remember: Of the unspoken word, thou art master."

Strictly Incidental:

Alaska is expecting a tourist boom this season.

Fred Allen says he likes "about three feet six inches of the Five Foot Shelf."

FBI agents in Washington headquarters must check out with their chief if they want to smoke a cigarette.

Novel gift for brides: phonograph record of the actual ceremony.

Geo. W. Hill, American Tobacco president, has his crest engraved on his Rolls-Royce. It's a Lucky Strike.

Stoopnagle bought a revolving goldfish bowl for tired goldfish.

U. S. Treasury's counterfeit chief accepted a phony \$20 bill.

New gadget is a wrist-watch radio: drop it in water and it plays a tune.

Walter Winchell gets his shaves at the Stork Club.

The voice of Mickey Mouse is Walt Disney's.

Sign in Midwestern girls' school: "If you are urgently in need of a mistress, ring the bell."

SUSIE HAD NO WISH FOR A MAN WHO
MIGHT WILT AWAY JUST WHEN HER
INTEREST WAS GETTING STIRRED UP



The Courting of Susie Brown

by ERSKINE CALDWELL

HALF an hour after the sun went down on the far side of the Mississippi, Sampson Jones was hurrying along the dusty road to Elbow Creek where Susie Brown lived all alone in her house behind the levee. Every once in a while he shifted the heavy shoe box from one arm to the other, easing the burden he was carrying.

When he jogged over the last rise of ground before reaching the levee, he saw the flickering light in Susie's window, and the sight that met his eyes made him hurry faster than ever.

Susie was inside her house, putting away the supper dishes. She was singing a little and brushing away the miller-moths that swarmed around the light in the room.

Sampson rattled the rusty latch on the gate and hitched up his

pants. Susie had never looked so good to him before.

"You look sweeter than a suck of sugar, baby," he shouted to her through the open window.

Susie spun around on her heels. The tin pan she was drying sailed out of her hands and clattered against the cook-stove.

"What you want here again, Sampson Jones!" she cried, startled out of her wits. "What you doing down here off the high land!"

She had to stop and fan herself before she could get her breath back.

"You done found that out the first time, honey," he said, lifting the heavy shoe box and laying it before her eyes on the window sill. "Now why don't you just give up? Ain't no use spoiling it by playing you don't know why I come."

Susie studied the shoe box, wondering what it could hold. The sight of it made her hesitate. The last three times Sampson had come to court her, he had not brought her a single thing.

"I ain't got no time to waste on no sorry, measly-weight, trifling man," she said finally, turning her back on the shoe box.

"My trifling days is all over, honey," he said quickly. "I ain't trifling around no more."

Susie swung the dish towel on the line behind the cook-stove and stole a quick glance to herself in the mirror over the shelf. Then she moved slowly across the room, watching Sampson and his shoe box suspiciously.

"When I get set and ready for a man, I'm going to get me a good one," she said, inspecting him disdainfully. "I ain't aiming to waste my good self on no short-weight plowboy."

Sampson grinned confidently at the scowling brown-skinned girl.

"Baby," he said, "what do you reckon I done?"

"What?" she asked, her interest mounting.

"I weighed myself at exactly two hundred and ten pounds just a little while ago previously."

He started to swing his legs through the window opening, but

Susie gave him a shove that sent him dropping to the ground.

"I weigh my men on my own scales," Susie said stiffly. "I wouldn't take your weighing-in any quicker than I would the next one who comes bragging along."

"What makes you think I'm lying about myself to you, honey?" he asked unhappily. "Why you crave to go and talk like that?"

"Because you don't weigh nowhere near two hundred pounds, that's why," she said sharply. "I done made up my mind over the kind of man I want when I get myself ready to want him, and you ain't the one I'm thinking about. It don't make no difference at all what you brings me in a shoe box, neither." She paused for a moment, getting her breath. "You hear what I say, Sampson Jones?"

"I hear you, honey," he said. "But it would make me downright awful sad if you was to make a bad mistake for yourself."

SUSIE leaned out the window and stared down at the box under his arm.

"Maybe if you was to find out what I brung you," he said, "you'd swing around to the other kind of talk. I sure has got a pretty

thing for you, honey. I brung it all the way from Mr. Bob Bell's store at the big crossroads."

Susie glanced at the box, and then she straightened up and looked at Sampson all over from head to toe. The white shoe box was tied tightly with heavy yellow twine. It gleamed enticingly before her eyes in the moonlight, only an arm's length away.

"How much you say you really sure enough weigh?" she asked, continuing to look at him up and down.

"I done told you two hundred-ten, honey," he said hopefully. "Why you think I ain't telling you the whole lawful truth?"

Sampson watched her for a while, wondering if she were going to believe him this time. He had been coming down from the high land to see her for six months, trying his best every minute of the time he was there to court her into marrying him. Sometimes he succeeded in getting his arms around her for a little while, hugging her some around the waist and a little around the neck, but usually she kept him at a distance by making him stay outside on the ground while she sat on the porch, talking to him through the window.

No matter how well he argued with her, Susie had always said

that the man she was going to take up with had to weigh two hundred pounds, or better. Sampson had never weighed more than a hundred and sixty pounds in his whole life, until he began courting her. Now he had managed to put on thirty additional pounds in six months' time after eating all the beans and fat pork he could put his hands on. But during the past month he had discovered that no matter how much he ate, he was not able to increase his weight a single pound over one hundred and ninety. And to make matters worse, his worry over that was causing him to lose weight every day. He had become desperate.

While he was standing there on the ground outside her window, Susie had moved away. Sampson hurried around to the front of the house. Susie had seated herself on the rocker on the porch, and she was sitting there placidly fanning her face.

Sampson set one foot on the bottom step hopefully.

"Don't you dare come one single more inch, Sampson Jones!" Susie said sharply. "I ain't satisfied in my mind with the weighing you said you done to yourself."

Sampson patted his expanded stomach and slapped his heavy thighs with his great brown hands.

"Woman," he said crossly, "you sure is one aggravating creature. Here I is with all this man-sized weight on my frame, and you act like you don't even see it at all. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

He slammed the shoe box on the second step from the bottom, threw out his chest and thrust out his arms to show his bulging muscles.

"Why don't you get some scales and let me weigh you then, if you're all that sure," she said. "You ain't scared to let me weigh you in, is you?"

Sampson stopped and thought it over carefully. After a while, he looked up at Susie.

"I'd be tickled to have you weigh me in, Susie," he said, "only I ain't got no scales to do it on. Has you?"

Before she could reply, he stooped down quickly and picked up the heavy shoe box.

"Drop that box, Sampson Jones!" she said sharply. "I know what you're up to. You're trying to trick me with that heavy box you've got there."

"No I ain't, Susie," he said, startled. Sheepishly he put the box down on the step.

"What makes you think a sorry thing like that about me?"

"Well," Susie said, rocking some more, "if you ain't lying in your talk, maybe you'll weigh-in on my stillyerd."

Sampson's face fell.

"Has you got a stillyerd here, Susie, sure enough?"

Susie stood up.

"You stand right where you is now, and I'll bring it," she told him. "I'm getting all tired out from hearing all your boasting. The weighing-in will settle it." She moved towards the door. "That is, if you ain't scared to show me your true weight."

"I ain't scared one bit, Susie," he said fearfully.

WHEN SHE had gone out of sight into the house, Sampson ran out into the yard and began picking up all the rocks and stones he could put his hands on. He filled both hip pockets with the largest ones, and then began scooping up fistfuls of gravel and filling all his other pockets. Susie still had not returned, and so he hastily untied his shoes and stuffed them with all the sand he could get into them. He straightened up, trembling all over, when he heard Susie come towards him through the house. He was certain he had not succeeded in loading himself with the necessary ten pounds of stone,

sand and gravel. At the last moment, he found another stone and put it into his mouth.

Susie brought the weighing steelyard to the porch and hung it on a rafter. Then she looked around for Sampson.

Sampson went up the steps carrying the heavy shoe box under one arm. He thrust his other arm through the loop of rope dangling from the steelyard.

"Set the box on the floor," she ordered firmly.

He looked at her, pleadingly, for a few moments, but recognizing the determined expression on Susie's face, he dropped it.

"I been plowing hard all day in the cotton field, from sun rise to sun set," he began. "I wouldn't be taken back at all if I'd lost a heap of pounds, Susie."

"We'll see," she said harshly. "Hitch yourself up on that still-yerd."

Sampson thrust his arm through the loop and painfully swung himself clear of the floor. While he hung there, knowing his fate was in the balance, Susie stepped over and slid the weighing-ball along the steel arm.

He tried to twist his head back in order to watch the weighing, but he was in such a cramped position that it was impossible for

him to see anything overhead. He gave up and hung there by one arm, praying with every breath.

By the time Susie had satisfied herself that her weighing of him was accurate, Sampson was dizzy from strain and worry. He barely knew what he was doing when he heard Susie's voice tell him to set himself on his feet.

When his feet touched the floor, his knees began to sag, and he found himself staggering across the porch. He reached the wall and dug his fingernails into the rough weatherboarding in an effort to find support. Susie still had not said anything since she told him to get down from the steelyard, and he was too weak to ask her anything about it.

Presently he felt Susie's arms around his neck. The next moment he felt himself sliding downward to the floor.

When he regained his senses, Susie was kneeling beside him, hugging him with all her might. He struggled free of her grip and got his breath back. The stone he had been holding in his mouth was gone. He could not tell whether it had fallen out, or whether he had swallowed it. He was uneasy.

"Honey," Susie was saying to him, "I sure am happy about the

big way you weighed-in. Looks like you'd have done it for me sooner, instead of waiting all this long time."

"How much did I weigh-in at, Susie?" he asked.

"Honey, you weighed exactly two hundred and fifteen pounds," she said delightedly. "And only a little while ago you said it was only two-ten. My, oh, my!"

Sampson closed his eyes.

When he looked up again, he saw Susie busily opening the heavy shoe box. She untied the string and took off the lid. Then

she lifted out the ten-pound sad-iron he had brought her with the hope that when he weighed for her he would be able to keep the box under his arm.

"It's the finest present I ever had in all my life, honey," she said sweetly, running the palm of her hand over the smooth surface.

She gazed at him admiringly.

While he waited for her to speak again, he glanced quickly up into her face, wondering how he was going to be able to rid himself of twenty-five pounds of stone before she discovered it on him.

Solution to Spy Case on Pages 29-30

A prime rule of professional espionage is to take but few notes and always to take them in terms of absolute innocence. Trescott made his mistake in his last reminder: "35 Courvoisier '26."

Although Trescott meant to suggest an order of 35 bottles of cognac, Courvoisier '26, cognac that young isn't listed by year.

Actually, of course, the notation was a reminder that General Creagh now had 35 "Free French" companies, 26 of them mechanized.

The talk about seven or eight battalions of Highlanders appears on the note as an order for seven bottles of a well-known Scotch whiskey, with a possible

eighth bottle of a different brand.

The famous Bofors anti-aircraft guns made in Sweden were noted very ingeniously. "12 b Akvavit" stood for the 12 new batteries covering the Canal. The "120" Swedish cannon at Malta is tacked on rather dangerously. A counter-spy might ask what this "price" represented in English money.

To remind himself of the "crack battalion of Marine Artillery trained in the islands—Barbados, Jamaica," the spy suggested a bottle of popular Barbados rum, long in favor with the Royal Navy, Goddard's Gold Braid. —R. W. ROWAN

Building a better mousetrap is no easy task in this world of ours. Yet we know it is not an impossible one. On the following pages are stories revealing what a few exceptionally resourceful persons have done to clear a pathway to their doors for Opportunity.

There's Money in It

WHEN Arigo Balboni crashed near Los Angeles he escaped serious injury. But all his savings had been invested in the plane, and it was a mass of junk. He salvaged what he could and sold the parts to other aviators. This netted him \$930 and the realization that an airplane junk yard might be a profitable business. Before long it became known far and wide that plane parts could be bought from Balboni.

He sells to movie directors who use battered ships in filming crackups, to owners of crates of various vintages who need repair parts, to amateur plane and glider builders and to souvenir hunters. Aviation schools abroad use the salvaged engines in ground-work classes. Inventors tear them down, hoping to find better ways of

building engines and instruments. In order to keep his supply complete, Balboni is constantly on the alert for news of air accidents. He has little competition when he bids for salvage.



AN ITEM in an English catalog, offering an old scrapbook containing several hundred aged valentines and Christmas cards, intrigued Mrs. K. Gregory. She risked eight pounds (about \$32) on it. When the volume arrived, she was delighted with the frail, scented and flower-bedecked mementos. The first fifty valentines, many of them 100 years old, she sold to a wealthy Manhattanite to be put un-

der glass on the walls of her country house. Collectors and other shops took the rest.

From this beginning Mrs. Gregory has developed such an extensive trade that she is known as the foremost dealer in these quaint objects.



MRS. D. K. TOOMEY's idea is the talk of her town, a boon to young newlyweds and a source of income to herself. Sympathetic for young couples who find big city rentals a strain on brand new budgets, she built five attractive little houses on the spacious lot that held her home just inside city limits. All of the houses are of similar architecture, but have different color treatment. All have four rooms, and there is a central garage for five cars. Rents are low, and Mrs. Toomey won't sell these houses. Most couples would outgrow them—and these homes are for beginners in matrimony. There is always a waiting list.



DR. LOGAN WEATHERBY's New England farm produced only one thing—the yearly tax assessment. Dr. Weatherby wasn't a farmer—and the "farm" was in the hills, covered with rocks and trees. No one wanted to buy it. In casting about for a way to balance the "out-go" with a little income, the

Doctor learned that fir trees would thrive on his land. He bought saplings at \$6.00 a thousand and hired men to plant them. After some years, they were marketable as Christmas trees at twenty cents a bundle, and some bundles contained only one tree, many only two or three. The purchaser did all the work, cutting the trees and hauling them away. Now the Doctor has a flourishing, profitable 50,000-tree farm.



FOUR bright-eyed young opportunists at the Florida State College for Women earn spending money for themselves by catering to their sister students' yen to enjoy the luxury of breakfast in bed. The corporation of Hield, Hield, Sexton & Kupper serves, between 8:30 and 10:30 on Sunday mornings, a filling but non-fattening breakfast of toast, jelly, fruit juice and coffee to any girl who will pay 15c. Clients post on the dormitory bulletin board notations of the time they wish to be wakened and their choices of jelly and juice. Each member of the firm has a special job. One stays in the kitchen to keep the toast from burning, two deliver and the fourth collects the dishes.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

A LIVING, BREATHING YANKEE DOODLE
BOY, WINANT MAY YET BECOME THE
NEXT OCCUPANT OF THE WHITE HOUSE



Winant Warms Up

by MICHAEL EVANS

TWO MEN were pacing the ship's deck. The year was 1935, and a liner was carrying them back from Europe to the United States. It was night and the great ship ploughed steadily through the darkness toward New York.

One of the men asked his companion a question. There was a long silence, and finally the second man began to speak, slowly, picking his words with the care of a Vermont farmer selecting a new Morgan mare.

"When the President asked me," said the man, pausing, "to take the job"—another pause—"I could not turn him down"—a pause so long that he seemed to have stopped speaking—"It seemed"—pause—"such a chance"—pause—"to do so much"—another long pause—"for so many people."

The slow-voiced speaker was John G. (for Gilbert) Winant, and he was telling a newspaperman why he had quit Geneva after only a few months as assistant director of the International Labor Office to head the board which was to administer the new Social Security Act.

Winant is in London now. As America's Ambassador to Britain he has a chance as never before to "do so much for so many people."

Great is the burden on the tall bony shoulders of this New Englander, who is a New Englander by choice rather than birth. Great are the hopes and issues that ride on his mission. If he succeeds in London, democracy may become a bright and shining sword with which to purge the world of violence and injustice. If he succeeds, America's new ambassador

may find that the road to the Court of St. James's leads to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. If he fails, dark days may lie ahead both for America and Britain.

It is too early to say that Roosevelt has picked Winant to carry on the New Deal in 1944. But it is not too early to say that Winant has gone to the inside post for a trial run. And, by that token, it is time to see what manner of man he is and what credits and debits are scored in the ledger of his career.

Friends of Winant (his name is pronounced "Wyenant" with a slight stress on the first syllable) say that they have never seen him sprawled in front of a log fire doing sums on a wooden shovel with a piece of charcoal, but they are well aware of his rather striking physical resemblance to Abraham Lincoln—his lean, loose-jointed figure, his granite-homely face and the shock of black, ungreying hair which falls loosely over his forehead.

Lincoln is Winant's favorite character in American history. He collects Lincoln memorabilia and is a minor expert on the Civil War President. Winant's critics swear he emphasizes his Lincoln-esqueness for political purposes, and they may be right. Of deeper

significance, however, is the really deep mark which Lincoln's social and political philosophy have left on Winant.

Winant is a Republican, but he has not made himself popular with his party. The G.O.P. attitude was well expressed by George H. Moses of New Hampshire. Winant was beginning to make a stir in New Hampshire Republican politics in 1923, when Moses snapped one day, "That young cock of a schoolmaster better watch out, or he's going to have his wings clipped."

Two years later, Winant moved into the governor's mansion at Concord. Mrs. Winant, a fancier of Scotties and Highland terriers, tacked up a sign "Puppies for Sale" on the mansion's lawn, and Winant proceeded to lecture the startled old-line bosses about Abraham Lincoln's kind of Republicanism, by which he meant the superiority of human rights to property rights.

The bosses, whose acquaintance with Lincoln was largely confined to a few quotations with which to belabor the Democrats at Lincoln's Birthday celebrations, considered him a political innocent of rather dangerous order. They soon found Winant's liberalism went down to bedrock. If anything, it

was more soundly conceived than Roosevelt's happy-go-lucky brand. Winant was advocating a New Deal for New Hampshire when the phrase had yet to be coined. A full year before President Roosevelt uttered his famous "horse and buggy" indictment of the Supreme Court, Winant was telling audiences that "we can not successfully manage government with a horse and buggy equipment in a motorized age."

IT USUALLY startles people to learn that Winant is a millionaire. The fact is he may not be as wealthy as Joseph P. Kennedy, but he is considerably better off than Roosevelt. And it usually startles people even more to hear that Winant made a good solid chunk of his money in a wildcat oil venture.

Winant inherited wealth, married wealth and has made plenty of money himself. There is no accurate estimate of his worth, but the total today runs between one and two million dollars, probably closer to two than one. He comes of prosperous New York business stock with roots back to Colonial days. His wife is a woman of clear eyes and frank features. She looks a bit like Mrs. Wendell Willkie and has an aristocratic back-

ground. Her father was a New York banker who left her a comfortable fortune.

Those who think Winant may be a possible successor to Roosevelt like to point out that he has had a practical business experience which F.D.R. never had. At one time Winant was managing family investments, largely in New England industry, his oil interests, his sheep ranch, a New Hampshire dairy and fruit farm, a big gypsum company and most of the stock in the two Concord newspapers. It sounds like a three-ringed circus, but Winant handled them all in stride.

A CANNY old politician who managed to hang on in Washington for many years, despite his cynicism and his sins, once offered this definition of a perfect ambassador:

"He's got to be a combination midwife, police reporter, father confessor, mistress and Fuller brush salesman. On top of that he has to make people think he's Uncle Sam himself, dressed up in the striped suit and all. If he's got those qualities and can play a good hand at poker he's got a fighting chance to succeed, providing the Senate or the State Department career boys don't knife him."

It should be fairly obvious that Winant, for all his sincerity and liberalism, falls somewhat short of this cynical ideal.

As a "midwife," Winant scores high. He is patient, sympathetic and charitable. For several depression years he quietly financed a breadline at the Concord police station when he found the town had no money for this purpose.

As a police reporter, Winant is a gamble, at long odds. He makes up his mind slowly. His decisions are sound but long pondered. It is hard to predict how he will function in tight places where a situation must be sized up in one quick, sure glance.

As a father confessor, however, Winant can be counted upon. Great and sincere modesty makes him a good listener. British statesmen already have found that he not only listens to their tales of woe, but acts upon them.

As a "mistress," Winant is a question mark. There must be sympathetic accord between the president and his ambassador. The ambassador must be a faithful mirror of his president's views on questions put to him. Roosevelt calls Winant "Gill," but they are not on smoking-car joshing terms. Placed on terms of daily intimacy, Winant probably would get along

better with Eleanor Roosevelt than with her husband.

If he had to earn his money selling Fuller brushes, Winant might succeed by working incredibly long hours and by dint of a kind of lustrous sincerity. That is why his friends believe he will succeed in England without the glib tongue which enabled Joe Kennedy to sell himself to the British as he sold Scotch whiskey.

WINANT's strongest point is his incarnation as a living, breathing Yankee Doodle boy. Undoubtedly that's why he was sent to England. After all, Roosevelt is his own ambassador to London most of the time. He and Churchill talk things over by trans-Atlantic telephone. However, Roosevelt is anxious to encourage the Labor Party elements of the Churchill government, the Bevins, the Morrisons, the Greenwoods and the Attlees. Winant knows these men, especially Bevin, from Geneva days. He gets on with them. They trust and respect him.

Possibly even deeper is Roosevelt's crying need for a standard bearer to carry on in 1944. He does not plan a fourth term. Wallace, nominal heir apparent, seems constitutionally unable to inspire enthusiasm except among the veg-

etarian bloc. So Winant gets a trial spin.

But many a bridge must yet be crossed. Winant must learn to play political poker, although some doubters suggest that his luck through the years should disqualify him from the beginner's class.

And in London, Winant must constantly guard against the stillette experts of the State Department career gang. Naturally, since they have never liked non-members of the fraternity, they are busy digging his diplomatic grave. Winant and Hull hit it off, but Sumner Welles who, in the curious evolution of New Deal diplomacy is more co-Secretary than Undersecretary, lifts his brows. If Winant makes a mistake, Welles can be certain to enlarge it to a blunder.

Winant has done much thinking about what the world should be like after the war. His mind is practical, which is one reason why he liked the International Labor Office. While the League of Nations complacently talked itself into a death coma, his ILO quietly busied itself improving specific conditions like labor contracts in Zanzibar and bad ventilation in Belgian coal mines.

He staunchly believes that the way to win the world to democracy is to make democracy work, and that unless democracy works in America there is scant hope that it can survive in other parts of the world. The democracy of which he speaks is the practical democracy of civil liberties, labor rights, decent living and working conditions, security and justice.

Answers to Questions on Pages 27-28

1. Garner. 2. Mason. 3. Sandwich.
4. Canary. 5. Scotch. 6. Gable. 7.
Amazon. 8. Dodge. 9. Revere. 10.
Eddy.
11. Panama. 12. Burgundy. 13.
Northwestern. 14. Arrow. 15. Col-
ogne. 16. English. 17. Blucher. 18.
March. 19. Homer. 20. Green.
21. Pacific. 22. Thousand Island.
23. Lima. 24. Madras. 25. Rotary.

26. Giants. 27. Pompadour. 28. Supe-
rior. 29. Welsh. 30. Little Dipper.
31. Cooper. 32. Ulster. 33. Burns.
34. Mercury. 35. China. 36. Frank-
furter. 37. Mars. 38. Plymouth Rock.
39. Boxer. 40. Nightingale.
41. Derby. 42. Limerick. 43. Atlas.
44. Palisades. 45. Orange. 46. Orient.
47. Flushing. 48. Providence. 49. Ox-
ford. 50. Peel.

YOU MAY HAVE ONLY ONE CHANCE IN
A MILLION OF GETTING INTO THE MOVIES,
BUT IT'S AN EASY CHANCE TO TAKE



Wanted: Movie Actors

by MARTIN LEWIS

THERE was a legend in America. If a girl was very, very beautiful, though she lived hidden away in the deepest Kentucky hill-pocket, some day a gentleman would come and whisk her to Hollywood.

There are still publicity tales about manicurists, carhops and stenographers who happen to be seen at the right moment by the right producer. Ellen Drew was a carhop. Arleen Whelan was a manicurist. But then, a lot of carhops, waitresses and stenos are actresses earning a living as best they can while attending dramatic schools, hounding agents and haunting casting directors.

The fact is that while there will always be the long chance that a beauty will be "seen," the average selection is routine rather than accidental. Every studio has talent scouts who follow a definite track.

The would-be screen actor has only to get in the way often enough, to be noted. Actually, the hunters are just as anxious as the quarry is eager.

It should be noted that they are not called beauty scouts. Of course, it helps to be good looking. For a girl, looks may even be fifty per cent of the battle, though Bill Grady, tough-talking talent chief of MGM (which owns Hedy Lamarr) rates looks at only ten per cent. For males, MGM rates appearance even lower (and it is MGM which owns Robert Taylor). They reason that the make-up and make-over artists of Holly-



THE COMMENTS ABOUT ELIGIBLE PLAYERS WHICH ARE FILED BY TALENT SCOUTS ARE TERSE BUT COMPREHENSIVE. FOLLOWING ARE A FEW SAMPLE RECORD CARDS WHICH WERE TAKEN FROM RKO'S TALENT OFFICE FILES

MELLOT, Gayle



ADDRESS: 4530 Sencola - Toluca Lake

PHONE: Ho Su 1-1174

AGENT:

GENERAL EXPERIENCE: 4 years little theatre. Show girl in "Jumbo."

Powers - photographer's model. Sang in "Model's Hour" for 6 mos.

COMMENT:

Read scene from "Wine of Choice" - very intelligent but not too experienced. Definitely worth developing. Has a natural hail-fellow-well-met personality.

AGE: 23 HEIGHT: 5' 6"

WEIGHT: 120

HAIR: red

SPEECH: o.k.

EYES: bluish-green

BRIMONT, Terry



ADDRESS: *Real 5107*

PHONE: ~~WE 2-664~~

AGENT: CBB - Kerner

GENERAL EXPERIENCE:

High school dramatics

University of Indiana theatre

COMMENT:

Tall, slim. Good performance on Gateway radio opening. Good possibility. Has ingratiating quality. Would recommend signing for stock. Could be made valuable through series of smaller roles leading into more important parts.

10/27/39 - Signed for term deal.

AGE: 22 HEIGHT: 6'

WEIGHT: 165

HAIR: br.

SPEECH: o.k.

EYES: brown

PLAY-
VALENT
EHEM-
AMPLI
TAKES
FILES

TERNY, Paula



AGE: 18 HEIGHT: 5' 6"
WEIGHT: 123
HAIR: dark EYES: br.
SPEECH: o.k.

ADDRESS: 1119 Poinsettia Dr.

PHONE: HO 9594

AGENT: Mrs. Hirsch

GENERAL EXPERIENCE:

Dramatics at Fairfax High. 2 years dramatic work on KHE. Parents trouper since she was a baby.

COMMENT:

Still looks interesting. On questioning almost Asiatic appearance of eyes learned a distant antecedent was full-blooded Cherokee. Fascinating face that grows on one. Read "Night Must Fall" very well. Fell short on comedy.

MUSICAL AUDITION - beautiful mezzo-soprano quality in range not completely matured. Not for popular songs.

GALE, Deidre



AGE: 11 HEIGHT: 53"
WEIGHT: 65
HAIR: blonde EYES: blue
SPEECH: very good English, but could be American.

ADDRESS: 1715 N. Gramercy Pl.

PHONE: GR 1966

AGENT: Granville Walker

GENERAL EXPERIENCE:

Has fencing championship. Won 35 ribbons for riding. Fancy skater. Made several films in London. *for Alky Koda & Basil Dean*

COMMENT:

Can look older or younger. A most attractive, capable youngster. Looks as though she'd be very good contract bet. Metro interested in her.

MUSICAL AUDITION 8/5/40 Did very varied audition. Extremely capable.

Plays piano, sings and dances.

Does folk dances.

wood can turn almost any object of flesh and blood into camera-glamour, whereas they can't provide personality or acting ability. The words that make a scout prick up his ears are no longer "She's a lulu," but "She's got something."

And what is that something? Bill Grady calls it larceny. It's a quality that grabs at you. "A girl has to have larceny," he says, citing Lana Turner as a sample with high larceny content. Grady doesn't care what the girl looks like. "So long as she isn't a monstrosity, we can fix her up." He tells how expert Hollywood masseurs recently glamourized a stage actress for the screen, taking two inches off her ankles, changing her figure, even altering her face.

Most of the Hollywood beauty tricks are simple. Hair contour is of first importance. Many a long-faced girl, with a long narrow nose, makes the mistake of accentuating length by parting her hair in the middle. A side comb quickly adjusts this. For round-faced, jowly girls, the hair is dressed tight to the head, reducing the massive effect. The girl with only one good profile is photographed only from her good side. All this is elemental to the talent scout. The main features to him are the eyes and the mouth. If they are

expressive, and if the other features are passable, he doesn't worry about beauty.

DESPITE THE fact that talent scouts do not travel extensively, they receive voluntary aid not only from the theatre managers, but from the public itself. The studios receive scores of letters daily from citizens, calling attention to cute girls or attractive men who "ought to be in the movies."

Assume, for instance, there is a girl named Ethel Murcie in Valparaiso, Indiana. Ethel's smile enchants many a townsman, especially a grocer's clerk across the square. Without saying a word to Ethel, he is likely to write a letter to a studio, extolling the girl. He may even sneak a photograph.

The letter will find its way to the talent department. The talent chief, if at all impressed, will write to the manager of an RKO theatre in the town, asking that he take a look. In almost all cases the most cursory investigation proves that the prospect has no bent for theatre or film acting. But if the theatre manager is impressed, there may be a further investigation by someone from the company's nearest regional exchange office. A Chicago manager might interview the Valparaiso girl. And

if she is still thought worthwhile, the talent scout himself might interview her sometime, when passing through Chicago.

An interesting case of this chance-tip variety is told by Julius Evans, RKO's talent hunter. A short time ago, the casting department could not fill the role of a young character man required in a film. As is the custom when the casting department exhausts its own files, the new-talent department was called. But Evans didn't have the exact thing in his files, either. He had been told, by a friend, of a likely looking young fellow in the sports department of a Montgomery Ward store. So Evans and his wife went shopping for sports equipment. Instead of identifying himself as a scout, Evans spent an hour buying stuff, leading the clerk into conversation, testing his intelligence, patience and imagination. A few days later he sent for the lad, and the boy got a start in films.

Every high school and college dramatic society, every little theatre in the country, is a potential showcase for the would-be movie actor. Many college dramatic coaches have connections with Hollywood talent scouts and call their attention to especially talented pupils. Indeed, if the

studio scout has a high opinion of a coach's judgment, a letter alone may be enough to bring the prospect to Hollywood for an interview or screen test.

THE SIMPLEST way by far, however, to be seen by a scout is to come to Hollywood and enroll in a dramatic school or little theatre group. About twenty of these institutions operate in the motion picture capital, ranging from the highly developed Pasadena Playhouse, an elaborate enterprise that has graduated many a movie star, to tiny establishments with a ten-foot stage and a few rows of chairs.

Thus, if our same Ethel Murcie is convinced she can't marry the clerk across the square until she has had a try at films, she might join a little theatre in her home town and ask the manager of the local movie theatre to come and see her in Tarkington's *Seventeen*. Then, if she still doesn't get a Hollywood bid, she need only save or borrow a few hundred dollars, come to movieland and register in an acting school. The top flight academies, such as Max Reinhardt's, Hinsdale's, the Bliss-Hayden school and the Pasadena Playhouse, will accept her only if she demonstrates real talent.

KYGER, Barbara Ann



AGE: 5 HEIGHT: 41½"
WEIGHT: 42
HAIR: lt. br. EYES: blue
SPEECH: good

ADDRESS: 1920 Prosear, WLA

PHONE: WLA 36119

AGENT: Granville Walker

GENERAL EXPERIENCE:

No picture experience. 2 years little theatre. Studied with Clark Academy.

COMMENT:

Is very sweet - young face and attractive manner. Looks as though she'd take direction well. Seems to make friends readily and likes to talk to strangers. Amazingly quick to learn.
(Her dad connected with Amer. Air Lines)

SCHLOSS, Kurt



AGE: 10 HEIGHT: 54"
WEIGHT: 82
HAIR: brown EYES: brown
SPEECH: accent

ADDRESS: 2206 Malcolm Ave.

PHONE: WLA 31517

AGENT:

GENERAL EXPERIENCE:

In U.S. 1½ years from Germany. School plays there. Plays accordion. Is wild about acting.

COMMENT:

Good healthy type for "Passport to Life" group. Not unique tho. Can't see for lead, although still looks interesting. Is leader type, popular with children. Takes responsibility well, speaks expressively. Fluent English with slight, cute shadow of accent. Energetic and ambitious; natural flair for entertainment. *Things he makes up, rather than imitations*

O'LOUGHLIN, Allen



AGE: 27 HEIGHT: 6'
WEIGHT: 155
HAIR: blond EYES: blue
SPEECH: good

ADDRESS: 755 W. Kenmore

PHONE: WO 6467

AGENT: Ten Rooney

GENERAL EXPERIENCE: Graduate Goodman Theatre. 2 years Chicago Civic Theatre. 1½ years Mummies and stock. * Will bring in scene. * WAS CONSIDERED AS

POSSIBILITY 2 YEARS AGO BY W.M.

COMMENT:

Tough-looking face - not at all pretty boy type but probably register well. Fair reading of "Last Mile."

7/17/40 - Read "Saturday's Children."

Has improved; no longer so self-conscious. Suggests possible strong character development. Keep in mind.

Suggests possible strong character development towards James Tracy type.

NARSH, Joan



AGE: 25 HEIGHT: 5' 2½"
WEIGHT: 108
HAIR: blonde EYES: blue
SPEECH: excellent

ADDRESS:

PHONE:

AGENT: Nell Garney - GR 16174

GENERAL EXPERIENCE:

Has had long experience in pictures. Looks better than I ever recall her.

COMMENT:

Very attractive. Left pictures for a few years when she married but is now resuming her career. Ought to pick up where she left off and really go places. Have hunch she should be given an opportunity and would make good.

But even if she fails to pass their requirements, she can still register with almost any little theatre try-out group. The studio scouting departments dutifully cover these show-shops.

She may also try to impress an agent. If he thinks she has a chance, he will take her around to the talent departments for interviews. If a talent director likes her, he may have her talk to a few producers. And if they like her, a screen test may be ordered. Naturally, the studios are not testing people wholesale, since each test costs them from three hundred to one thousand dollars.

If his screen test is successful, a hopeful may be given a stock contract at from fifty to two hundred dollars a week. The chances of reaching this point, however, can be gauged by the fact that the largest studio has about sixty stock players, and a small studio about fifteen. There are eight studios in Hollywood.

But it cannot be said that the studios are closed to aspirants. RKO's Julius Evans, for instance, will see anyone who writes for an appointment, agent or no agent. MGM's Bill Grady, in a recent man hunt, threw his doors open to interview some 8,000 males.

Most of the talent scouts, at this time, are hunting for men. There are not more than a dozen leading men today who are considered "draws" on the screen. And most of them are elderly. Warner Brothers seem to be the only studio with a good young crop coming up—men like John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn.

It must be remembered, however, that even after being seen, after being liked by a talent hunter, the would-be screen actor may be filed away for a year or two before he gets a small part. And even after playing in one or two pictures, he may be forgotten before another break comes. He must keep his personality fresh in the minds of studio folk; he can never let up. But the fact remains that in the long run, by dint of persistent beating at the doors, the actor with talent is likely to be recognized. By that time, of course, he may be over the romantic age limit, good only for character parts.

For those who want to try, girls should be between the ages of nineteen and twenty-four, men under thirty, to be considered by the studios as possible lead material.

Above all, they should "have something."

MY DEAR BOY:

You ask me what you are going to get out of your year's training in an army camp. The answer to this question is not simple, because so much is involved.

You were put in Class 1-A because you are physically fit and you have no particular skill or training which makes you an essential man to a defense industry. For the next year, at least, you are enlisted in a joint enterprise of national proportions. You are being given a responsibility which you did not seek, and you have no positive hanker or desire to uproot yourself and change your plans. If we assume that you are an unwilling participant, the answer to your question will go down one road; if an enthusiastic co-operator, it goes down another. The way in which you put your question leads me to believe that you are somewhat neutral in your reactions. In the light of such an assumption, then let us see what can come to you from a year's experience in an army camp.

In a very real sense a modern combat force is an army of craftsmen. It gives an opportunity for intensive training to those who have normal and mechanical skills or aptitudes. In February, for instance, 5,000 Selective Service men were placed in two tank divisions of the army. All of these are to be specialists, and twenty-five per cent must become highly skilled craftsmen. These men were selected by aptitude tests and personal interviews, after a careful appraisal of their rec-

A Letter to

This message is based on a letter written by Mr. Dykstra to a young selectee who wanted information concerning the Selective Service. This boy, puzzled as to what lay ahead of him during his year of train-

ords. The Air Corps, too, is a unit of specialists. It enlists only men who have a high school education, because at least this much mental training is presumed to be necessary.

At the present time, there are numerous service schools, all turning out men who will teach various special military skills to hundreds of thousands before the year is out.

YOU WILL note, therefore, as a partial answer to your question, that there will be opportunity for you, if you have the capacity, for plenty of mental stretching and exercise. If, on the other hand, you become an every day citizen-soldier, as thousands will, you will spend a fourth of your training year in what is called the school of the soldier. Then, in regular order, will come company, battalion and regimental field training. After this thirteen weeks you may go to a specialist school, or perhaps become a corporal or a sergeant, or even be assigned finally to an officers' school. In any event, you will have plenty of chance to study and to develop the arts of leadership if you are so minded.

a Selectee

ing, chose to ask the then head of Selective Service, directly. The advice he received should prove of interest to many similar young men faced with a new environment during the next twelve months.

Even in the army a day's work does get done, and many have been anxious to know what recruits will do with their free time. Well, what do these same young men do with such time when they are in their own communities? You will know something about that. Some turn to athletics and competitive games; and there will be plenty of such activity in every army camp. Some go to libraries or take correspondence courses to fill in gaps in their education or to perfect themselves in some specialty. Well, every camp will have reading rooms and libraries with librarians in charge. Recruits will be urged to use them and to seize the opportunity for individual study.

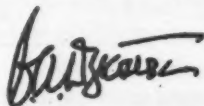
Some will want to put on radio programs, to tell the folks back home what is going on; some will want to edit and print camp newspapers for the same reason; some will want entertainment talent to come from the outside into the camps. All such enterprises will be part of the life of the camps. And then there are the movies. Each camp has its regular movie theatres in which regular com-

mercial programs are scheduled for a nominal fee. Never in history has an army made better provision for the recreational hours of its members.

Out of all this training and working together, the men in the camps should get some sense of unity of purpose and loyalty to the group. Together these things spell "morale"—something every army needs above all. A year of regular exercise, regular eating and regular sleeping ought to mean a good deal to their physical well-being. The opportunity of meeting and coming to understand men from all walks of life and from many sections of the country should help to develop a common sense of citizenship.

NOW WHAT will you get out of this year, if and when you are called for training? That will depend in some large part on you and your attitude. You can get a lot, or you can scrape through with a minimum of development and inspiration. In this experience, as in others in life, you receive in proportion as you give. Will this be a year taken out of your life or a year put into it? For the great majority, it will be a worthwhile year, and the army wants to make it just that.

Why not take it in your stride and squeeze every benefit out of it?



—CLARENCE A. DYKSTRA
Former Director of Selective Service

**THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS WON'T
TAKE A HUMAN LIFE, BUT THEY'RE READY,
WILLING AND ABLE TO DO THEIR BIT**



Non-Combatant Cadets

by MARGOT MURPHY

SEVEN years ago a group of young men who will never shoulder arms began to prepare for a Second World War which they believed inevitable.

They are the members of the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, whose religion prohibits the taking of human life under any circumstances. They do not for a moment consider violating that prohibition should the United States go to war. On the contrary, they are preparing themselves to abide by it and at the same time make an essential contribution in a national emergency.

Young Adventists have been training for service in the medical corps since 1934, and at this writing, they are the only organized group of conscientious objectors in the country who are schooling themselves for possible war duty.

While others who will not bear arms are still debating what sort of substitute service they can perform, the Adventists, with the approval of the Surgeon General's office, are giving medical instruction to approximately 6,000 men of military age in eighty-five training centers.

Seventh-Day Adventists have been recognized as non-combatants by the United States Government since the Civil War. In 1864, Elder J. N. Andrews, later the church's first foreign missionary, presented its case to President Lincoln. Adventists, he explained, wanted to help save the Union. They believed in the right of the civil authorities to conscript them to that end. But they could not take the life of a fellow man. The President listened with sympathy and understanding, and gave

orders that members of the church, when called to the colors, be assigned only to work which did not violate the tenets of their faith.

AN ADVENTIST, when he is in the army, has an additional problem besides that of not actively bearing arms. He observes the Sabbath on Saturday instead of Sunday, and observes it in much the same manner as the Pilgrim Fathers.

A devout Adventist will not do any unnecessary work on Saturday, nor will he indulge in the most innocent recreation. In civilian life, for instance, he would not dream of glancing at the business papers he had brought home from the office for the week end, of washing the family car or of going to a ball game. But he will do anything that is necessary to safeguard human life or health.

Thus it was that Adventists long ago concluded that, should war come again, duty in the medical corps would afford them the greatest possibilities of service and the fewest possibilities of friction, since much of the work in that branch of the army is of a type permitted on the Sabbath.

Their training program was inaugurated during the winter of '34-'35 at Union College, an Ad-

ventist institution in Lincoln, Nebraska, by Dr. Everett Dick, a reserve officer on the staff. Shortly after Dr. Dick inaugurated the training program at Union College, it was adopted by the Church's College of Medical Evangelists, at Loma Linda, California, and by the White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles. Soon similar instruction was being given in Adventist schools, colleges and churches in many parts of the country, and in the fall of 1939 a Medical Cadet Corps Council was appointed by the General Conference of the Church which, under the active leadership of Elder J. L. McElhany, president of the World Conference of Seventh-Day Adventists, has co-ordinated the national training program.

Most young men in Adventist educational institutions are now enrolled in the medical cadet corps and are receiving instructions in non-combatant military routine and first aid. In addition, thousands of Adventists are voluntarily taking similar evening courses in their churches, some of them driving as much as one hundred miles each way to attend once-a-week, three-hour sessions.

The curriculum has been worked out in co-operation with the Surgeon General's office which, while

it does not supervise it, has made suggestions as to how the training may be most useful. Much of the program closely follows similar Red Cross instruction.

The first course, of one hundred and forty-four hours, covers such subjects as army regulations, marching, drilling (without arms), and general first aid. In addition, each cadet receives eighteen hours of instruction in the application of denominational principles to military service.

More advanced work in emergency nursing is given to those completing the first course. This includes anatomy and physiology, the giving of hypodermics, preparation of patients for surgery and surgical dressings.

Each training unit is organized as a cadet corps, whose members wear smart green covert cloth uniforms. On Inauguration Day, 300 of them were on first aid duty in Washington.

ADVENTISTS have no difficulty in finding instructors to give their courses, since an unusually high percentage of their members are doctors, many of whom served in the last war and are now reserve officers. Numbers of the faithful, heeding the warning of approaching war, have studied with the

Red Cross, and are now qualified to teach. Men finishing the advanced course stay on to train freshmen. And, while the work is not officially sponsored by the army, regular army officers do sometimes assist. Members of the staff of the Walter Reed Army Medical Center, in Washington, for instance, have lectured to the cadet corps at the Washington Missionary College.

Each graduate is given a certificate which, when he is drafted, he shows to the classification officer at the camp to which he is sent, and there is a tacit understanding that such a man will be assigned to the medical corps.

C. P. Sorensen, who is head of medical training in the Columbia Union, a geographic division of the Adventist Church, does not want anyone to think that Adventists choose the medical service because they are cowards.

"The first American to die in France in 1917 was a medical soldier, Corporal Oscar C. Tugo, who was killed at Base Hospital 5," Mr. Sorensen declares with pride. "The first officer killed was in the medical corps, too."

Medical soldiers, he explains, are exposed to the same dangers as the other branches of the army, but are without their means of

self-defense. In the World War, two of them followed every company over the top, to apply tourniquets, splints and bandages and administer restoratives. The stretcher bearers came next, to carry the wounded.

Most difficulties with Adventists in the last war, however, arose over the question of Sabbath observance. For instance, there was the case of two Adventist youths court-martialed for refusing to obey an officer who ordered them to clean the camp latrines and cut weeds on Saturday.

"That situation was a good illustration of our principles as they apply to the Sabbath," declares The Rev. Charles S. Longacre, secretary of the Religious Liberty Association of the Church. "The boys were all wrong about not cleaning the latrines—that was a necessary measure to insure the health and even the life of the men in the camp. However, I felt that they were right about not cutting the weeds—that didn't have to be done on a Saturday. I took their case to Secretary of War Baker, who agreed with me and sent them back to their outfits."

Another time, an Adventist refused to wash dishes on the Sabbath, because his mother had never done so. He believed he

should equal her devoutness.

Mr. Longacre remarked to the imprisoned soldier that his mother must have a good many dishes to be able to set the family table freshly three times without doing any washing. "Oh, yes," the boy answered, "she has a whole pantry full." Further inquiry revealed that there were just enough dishes for one service at camp. "It didn't take long to make him see that washing dishes in these circumstances was an actual necessity if the men were to eat and maintain their health," Mr. Longacre adds.

BECAUSE relatively few men have as yet been called in the present draft, the major test of just how well the church's training program will mesh into the national defense program still lies ahead.

Of the Adventists whose numbers have been called, many have been temporarily deferred as students. In addition, some draft boards have put Adventists into a deferred class because of their non-combatant convictions, even though they are not in school. In any case, though, the Adventists have made it perfectly clear that they will go whenever needed.

Adventists are both pleased and chagrined over their most notorious patient, Adolf Hitler, who was

cared for by a German Adventist nurse in the last war. While she made a spectacular failure of converting him to the church's belief in the sacredness of human life, she did convince him of the wisdom of another tenet of the faith—abstinence from meat, alcohol and tobacco. Today, the Adventists are overwhelmed with confusion at having restored such a definitely combative personality to health, but they do think their ex-patient is a pretty good testimonial for their meatless, tobaccoless, drinkless regimen. In fact, they say that one reason that his legions pushed across Europe so

easily is because many Germans have copied these particular Adventist principles from their Fuehrer.

Margot Murphy got her first job on the Detroit News by assuring the editor she knew how to typewrite. Actually, she'd never been within striking distance of a machine. She soon learned, though, well enough to conduct a one-woman campaign against disorderly beer gardens in Detroit. Today, happily married to a New York radio executive, she has mastered the typewriter to the extent that her articles on a variety of subjects appear in most all of the national publications.

—Suggestions for further reading:

IS CONSCIENCE A CRIME?

by Norman Thomas \$.75
The Vanguard Press, New York

HIS MANY MANSIONS

by Rulon S. Howells \$2.50
The Greystone Press, Inc., New York

The Cow and the Pig

IT'S NOT always easy to make a rich man pay, even for a humanitarian purpose. One millionaire refused to give any money while alive, but assured his petitioner he would not forget to mention the case in his last will.

The petitioner, convinced he could not get a penny from this miserly man, asked for the privilege of telling him an old fable. Of course, the rich man, pleased to get off so lightly, agreed.

"The fable is entitled *The*

Cow and the Pig, sir. A cow and a pig met each other. The pig remarked: 'I do not understand why all men call me a pig. They use every thing I have: my flesh, my fat, delicious hams and many sausages. They even use my bristles. Why is that so?' 'I can tell you the reason,' replied the cow. 'I also give everything I have; but I give while I am still alive.'"

The petitioner promptly received a check.

—WALTER SORELL

The Cornet Beckette:



The Bachelor Life

A CONDENSATION FROM THE NEW
BOOK BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN WHO
SPEAKS AS AMERICA'S #1 BACHELOR

EVEN *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, that omnium-gatherum of human wisdom, interposes only two entries between *The Bachelor* and oblivion. Yet, though he may be the forgotten man of the ages, every bachelor, like the gay dog with which he is often erroneously compared, has his day. This book is George Jean Nathan's day, and a gay day it is. Skipping blithely through the whirl of a bachelor's routine, Mr. Nathan severs heads deftly with the snicker-snee of his wit. If his pen seems barbed in speaking of the ladies, we must forgive. After all, no bachelor looks at the world through a rose-colored pince nez.

Published at \$2.50 by Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., New York, Copyright, 1941, by George Jean Nathan

The Bachelor Life



ONE of the many things that amuse the bachelor is the apparently irrevocable idea that he is always having a hell of a gay time. As a bachelor of long and honorable standing, I take the liberty of dispelling this notion, together with several of the other popular misconceptions concerning the members of my state.

The first of these is that it must be wonderful not to be tied down to any one woman—to have the field to choose from.

Out of every fifty women of all ages and conditions whom a bachelor meets, he is lucky to find *one* with sufficient charm, intelligence and loveliness to interest him in the slightest. More bachelors spend evenings alone at home than one would imagine, and it isn't always

by choice. They do it because they would rather do so than listen to the same old routine feminine chatter on all the routine subjects ranging from sex and the

conga to Dorothy Thompson.

A second misconception is the bachelor's enormous popularity with hostesses. Actually, no hostess of experience could believe in this myth—and for three reasons. In the first place, the bachelor usually has mysterious engagements which remove him from the party at least an hour or so early, leaving a number of extra women seated forlornly in corners. In the second place, the bachelor is inclined toward boredom sooner than the non-bachelor. A married man finds diversion in mingling with women oth-

by George Jean Nathan

er than his wife, but the bachelor, to whom such mingling is commonplace, finds neither novelty nor any particular excitement in it. And in the third and final place, the bachelor is a selfish fish and demands twice as much attention from a hostess as a married man. He feels, doodle that he is, that he is doing his hostess a favor. This is especially true if he is the "extra man," called upon at the last moment to fill in the dinner chair next to some particularly dull female, to sit through a show he has already seen five times or to loosen up some visiting duchess' joints sufficiently to persuade the onlookers that it is really a rumba.

A further popular misconception is that a bachelor is extremely fortunate in being able to go home late at night, lock himself in from outside bothers and meditate. Anyone who believes that doesn't know the truth by half. If he isn't awakened by telephone calls, he is disturbed by droppers-in. People somehow imagine that a bachelor is synonymous with a bartender, a guide to the night life of the city, a confidential directory of all stage

beauties since Lily Langtry and a sweet reprobate generally.

Even the world's law-makers share the erroneous notion that the bachelor is especially blessed by Providence. Today, in Italy, Germany and Greece, taxes on bachelors are proposed regularly. But the last straw came in a recent



press dispatch from Delaware, right here in our own great republic. "The legislature has received a proposal to tax bachelors for the support of a home for unwed mothers. All bachelors over thirty would be required to pay upwards of fifty dollars a year."

Corollary: It is commonly assumed that women are the greatest foes of bachelorhood, but they are hardly more assiduous than the married males.

The technique of these males is devious. They inform their enemy that married men live longer than single men, thus hoping to alarm the bachelor into sudden matrimony. Then they argue that he is ruining his digestion with restaurant food. This is apparently based on the theory that the chefs at the Colony, the Voisin and the Passy

The Bachelor Life

are simon-pure lugs compared with the cooks to be found in average households.

Observing that the bachelor does not seem properly impressed, the crusading benedick now has at him with the sentimental whimsy that it's wonderful to have a real home, a loving wife, a warm fire and soft slippers — there is nothing like it—take it from me, old man! At this juncture, the bachelor notes that it is now 2:30 A.M. and that his married friend is about to order up still another round of drinks.

Another pet weapon is babies. You don't know, old man, what you're missing! It develops, however, that the philosopher's two offspring are not doing their romantic duty by papa. His son, it appears, has been kicked out of three jobs for shooting craps in the washroom, and his daughter spends most of her time dancing the rumba and getting home in the wee small hours, smelling like a gin bottle.

The female foes of the bachelor display what they believe to be even greater cunning. Their strategy is best reflected in the sly recommendations found in daily, weekly and monthly publications.

For example, consider the following bits of advice, all aimed to lure the bachelor into matrimony:

1. "Study up on his hobbies."

Critical footnote. Any woman who gabbles superficially about a bachelor's hobbies strikes him as something of an idiot. This will drive him posthaste to some cutie who contents herself in accidentally brushing his knee with hers under the table.

2. "When he suggests the movies or a show, play up the quiet-evening-at-home idea."

Critical footnote. Inasmuch as a bachelor in all likelihood really wants to see a movie or show, any such proposal makes him pretty mad. If he wanted a quiet evening at home, he'd have remained at his own home in the first place.

3. "Make yourself useful about his apartment."

Critical footnote. This will literally drive him crazy. He likes his quarters the way they are, even if the place looks like a Chinese outhouse. Any woman who tries to alter it may count herself out.

4. "When you telephone him, don't tell him your name, make him guess."

Critical footnote. Try any such nonsense and he'll hang up!

by George Jean Nathan

5. "Most bachelors like to be considered helpless babies who need looking-after."

Critical footnote. Any such damn fool isn't worth an intelligent woman's efforts or attention.

Domicile: I have always been baffled by all the prevalent notions that a single man's diggings are mysterious and naughty. How the notion first got under way I do not know, but gradually the bachelor apartment came to be regarded as a combination white slave den with everybody in evening clothes and French boulevard farce.

This conception was further popularized by the fictioneers of the earlier 1900's. Their bachelors' rooms were so suffused with soft purple light, perfumed with joss sticks and spread with tiger skins that by the time the impressionable reader got to the moral (that it would have been a heap better if the poor girl had stayed at home in Wilkes-Barre) she was ready to rush out and surrender her virtue to the nearest hansom-cab driver.

Well, I am intimately acquainted with hundreds of bachelors' apartments, including my own, and if they are anything like what

they are imagined to be, all I can say is that I have been missing a lot of fun. It is my experience that the average bachelor's residence is not only at least three times more placid than the average married household, but at least twice as uneventful. The main difference between them that I can see, is that there are considerably fewer women visitors in bachelor quarters and that they usually don't get as drunk.

I have lived in the same quarters for twenty-five years, and in that period only three particular and outstanding episodes occurred. Once, about fifteen years ago Scott Fitzgerald and his wife Zelda, both gay with sarsaparilla, came in, and while I wasn't looking playfully set fire to all the sofa cushions, thereafter diverting themselves by lunging with my fencing foils at, and through, an oil painting of my great-uncle. Again, one afternoon eight years ago, Sinclair Lewis arrived, said he was tired, crawled into my bed and stayed there for four and a half days. And on another occasion a girl I had taken a shine to was finally persuaded to visit the sinister establishment and cost me fifty-five dollars long-distance tele-

The Bachelor Life

phoning one of her numerous boy-friends in Seattle, person-to-person.

The greasepaint view:

In the modern drama, the bachelor is customarily depicted in one of five ways, all more or less dubious. Perhaps the most popular theatrical view of him is of a rich, handsome, and punctiliously wardrobed brave, whose chief occupations in life seem to be alleviating the ennui of ladies whose husbands have to work for their maintenance.

Not very much less acceptable is that peculiarly contrary impression of the bachelor which pictures him as a martyr to a long bygone love affair. Now in his later middle years and graying at the temples, he will be found at one time or another during the course of the evening lifting his glass to the portrait of the loved one hanging above his mantel.

A third favorite is the forthright Casanova. This is not the relatively dilatory magnifico of Class 1, but a hot dog straight from A to Z. The ladies are this bird's sole concern, and he spends all his time either in or under beds, or with his host's wife at

some country inn. ("It was raining, and we had to seek shelter," he explains to nobody's conviction.) Apparently inexhaustible, his charm is so irresistible that even the husbands are found joining him over whiskies and soda.

The fourth and fifth categories are the recluse and the outdoor type. The former, a woman-hater because some female played him false, lives alone with his dog until his dour mood is dissipated by the appearance of the beautiful young daughter of his old unfaithful love, since deceased—"When you stood there in the doorway, my child, I thought for a moment that it was your mother; the same hair, the same eyes, the same wistful smile."

The hills, the woods, the streams, the prairies—that's the dish of the stage outdoor bachelor. It's the open road with the wind in his face for him. Give him a shirt open at the neck, and face and arms browned to a turn with Hess's No. 6 make-up, and he is happy. Happy, that is, until he beholds Sally, fair daughter of the city. "Out there in the hills, that's where God is," he observes. But love for Sally temporarily gets the upper hand over him. However,

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in the end everything turns out beans and ketchup. Sally also finds she is stifled by the thought of well-cooked food, good toilet facilities and fresh bed linen and goes forth with him (clad in a fragile four-hundred-dollar Valentina dress) to Saskatchewan.

These, of course, are not the only ways in which the drama pictures the bachelor—but they are the most usual. And not one of them comes anywhere near the truth. That would be too dull.

The cocktail party:

It is now high
unto forty-one
years since

George Ade delivered his famous observation that the cocktail followed the American flag. A lot of gin has flowed under the bridges since that time. It is no longer possible to drink a cocktail solo. Let anyone so much as mention the word, and immediately someone proposes a party. Then by six o'clock everyone is either singing something by Cole Porter or is sousedly snoozing out in the butler's pantry.

At the more opulent cocktail parties, a dance band accompan-

ies the alcoholic rites with some boilerfactory jazz; at the lesser cocktail affairs, no one gets anything but gin, whatever he may ask for. But regardless of size, there never has been a cocktail party at which there was visible more than one pretty girl. She appears always to spend all her time in a remote corner with some despicable shrimp, whom nobody in the room ever seems to know. Try how they will to edge in and dismay the beauty with their wit and wisdom, the other boys present never make the slightest headway. Before they know it the beauty has disappeared altogether, whereupon the disconsolate boys find there is nothing left to do but get drunk and talk war.

Cocktail parties fall into three



more or less readily definable groups. The cocktail party given in honor of someone whom the host or hostess is pleased to regard as a celebrity; the cocktail

party given by someone who can't afford to entertain at dinner and who takes this cheap means out to repay social debts; and the cocktail party that comes into being simply because a couple of people

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feel like getting tight on a certain day and want to do it in a crowd. That almost everybody detests cocktails and would rather have a good plain Scotch and soda, a glass of dry sherry, or even a glass of beer, doesn't seem to affect the situation. It's cocktails or bust. So by six o'clock everybody is either pie-eyed or suffering from such an acute bellyache that the crowd in the bathroom trying to get at the bottle of bicarbonate of soda looks like an Atlantic City druggists' convention.

The celebrity for whom a cocktail party is given is generally a male novelist, a female movie star or a foreigner with some kind of title. The novelist spends all his time listening to men and women who haven't read his latest novel tell him what a wonderful book it is. The movie star, in turn, spends all her time seeing how often she can repeat the word "intriguing" and trying to persuade the dowagers present that she is not in the least Hollywood. And the titled guest of honor invariably tells everyone how beautifully full of zest, and lust for life New York is.

Next to the celebrity guests of honor and the cocktails, the worst

features of a cocktail party are the hors d'oeuvres. There are usually two dozen different species, and all of them are guaranteed not only to spoil one's appetite for dinner but also to bring on such an intestinal malaise by midnight that one meditates on hara kiri. Consider the mixture one is asked to eat: sardines, olives stuffed with red peppers, smoked salmon, caviar on buttered crackers, anchovy paste mixed with peanut butter, salted nuts, Japanese crust sticks, and God and the garbage collector alone know what else. The host or hostess, of course, is never so bereft of reason as to eat even one of these concoctions. But woe betide a guest who similarly indicates his disdain for these ominous tidbits.

The dinner party: The invitation usually reads eight-thirty, but that never

fools anybody. Everyone knows from long and painful experience that it will be at least nine-thirty before one gets anything to eat.

Because of an apish social tradition which stamps as a parvenu anyone who appears on time, you bathe and dress leisurely, give your shirt a final admiring pat, and

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are then horrified to learn it is only a quarter to eight. So you drop into your favorite bar and fortify yourself against the coming ordeal with a cocktail. That, alas, consumes only about five minutes and there is nothing left to do but go on ordering them. By the time you leave, your appetite has been completely ruined. Also, you are slightly cockeyed. The cocktails that you have to drink at your host's later make you even more so.

After you have been thus prepared for the electric chair, the warden, dressed like a butler, comes in and announces that everything is ready for the execution.

You troop into the dining room and after five minutes, with the aid of a footman or two, find your place card. You learn that you are to sit between two dewy young things of sixty who, past experience has taught you, will devote themselves throughout dinner to a conversation directed distractingly at your right and left ears.

During melon and soup, they want to know why so charming a fellow as yourself has never mar-

ried. After chivalrously lying that it is because no woman would ever consider tying up with an old scoundrel like yourself — on comes the dab of fish. The two darlings now carry on a question-

naire as to what men can conceivably see in Vera Zorina. You don't know just how to answer this one truthfully without making the old girls sore, so you call for assistance to the man across the table. He smoothes out things for you with some

such polite crack as it being because Vera looks so much like the two old babies in question—and then comes the squab.

The squab is as invariable a part of any dinner party as the next morning's solemn oath never to accept another dinner party invitation. To the dear ladies, it is a signal to ask you what you think of that last novel of some English woman novelist you've never heard of.

At this point there will be a silence for all of twenty-eight seconds, until the extra servant, who looks like Edward G. Robinson in one of his more sinister moments, pulls away your squab and spills



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the salad all over you and the belle at your left.

After the vanilla ice cream smeared with strawberries, the ladies finally retire. You yell for a double brandy with the coffee, and start frantically to put it down, when the man on your right demands to know instantan if you're for or against Roosevelt.

There is only one thing then left for you to do, and you do it. You jump right out of the window.

The weekend party:

The weekend houseparty idea was devised by the same genius who invented the dentist's drill and coined the word smallpox. I know him well. He has been my host from Friday to Monday for many years now.

Arriving on Friday evening, you are forced by your effusive host to drink a couple of malignant Martinis. After the exercise of considerably sly chicane, you get up to your assigned room.

There you discover that there is only one very small embroidered pink towel and a baby-blue wash-rag in the bathroom and that the

mirror is placed in such a position that you can see to shave only by turning a slow somersault before each razor stroke. Some menial, you further find, has unpacked your bag and has evidently mistaken the articles in it for clues in a prospective treasure hunt. A greater portion of the weekend, accordingly, is spent by you trying to locate them.

The next morning things begin in earnest. No sooner has the man brought you up that same single overfried egg, along with the saltless saltshaker, than three of the other male guests, with unmistakable hangovers, breeze into your room and insist upon dragging you off to play golf. It does no good to protest that your rheuma-

tism is awful or that you broke your back last Tuesday falling off a horse. Out you go to get all smeary with sweat for a couple of hours, after which you find that the shower bath in the cellar gym isn't working and there are no towels.

The bad Martinis now come into evidence again — and then lunch. After which, the gracious hostess tells the guests that they



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may do as they please that afternoon. "Only don't forget a lot of people are coming in for cocktails at five." So you go upstairs and desperately read a detective story.

Shortly after five you again get swizzled on the bad Martinis in the company of two dozen imbeciles who have invaded the house from nearby points. Then you are taken with the rest of the houseparty to some neighbor's house to dinner.

The club dance follows. There is always a club dance that follows on Saturday night. You get back to the house around 3:30 A.M. and, after reading several chapters in the detective story and killing eight mosquitoes, get to sleep—maybe.

On Sunday, everybody is supposed to take things easily. This means you have to drink only fourteen bad cocktails during the day and that the lunch is going to be skimpy. Everyone sleeps late, or pretends to, and shows up downstairs with the expression of momentarily expecting news of a loved one's death. And if there are children in the family, you may just as well for a little peace and comfort stick your head—or

theirs—into the phonograph.

In the afternoon, your hostess grabs hold of you and insists that you play Twenty Questions with those who do not play croquet.

Inasmuch as lunch was on the sparse side, the announcement by the hostess that she supposes nobody has any appetite anyway and has therefore done nothing about dinner, caps the climax.

Waiters: There are several idiosyncrasies which almost all waiters share in common, and they are enough to drive the normally sensitive client nuts. The first of these is a passion for cleaning out ashtrays. The moment you flick even one faint ash into the tray, the waiter will grab it, dust it off and then put it back—sometimes, if he be a fellow of experience and deftness, on the table, but more often in your soup.

This ashtray business begins the minute you sit down and makes any conversation with your fair companion out of the question. The moment you begin to tell her that you love her or that her current boy friend is a louse, the waiter employs the ashtray as a pretext to listen in. If you are an



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old customer, he gives you a repertoire of significant winks designed to convey to you that he heard you pull the same stuff for the last fifteen years. This is very embarrassing.

Another idiosyncrasy is an insistence upon opening your package of cigarettes by slicing off the top left corner. This makes it impossible for you to dig in and extract the first two or three cigarettes without damaging them and having to throw them away. Prayers and injunctions are futile. Anticipating your complaint, the waiter plays safe by monkeying with the package on the way back to your table. Last year I figured I lost something like four thousand good cigarettes because of their perversity.

Eccentricity three is what may be called napkin-peeking. This consists of cocking the head around and under the corner of the table to make certain that the diner's serviette has not slipped off his lap onto the floor. If it has, he will substitute another for it.

This napkin-peeking goes on throughout the meal at intervals of five minutes and, as it is difficult

for the waiter because of the overhanging tablecloth to determine the situation, strange things happen. One waiter is thus in the habit of supplying me with no less than seven or eight napkins and, as I am highly adept at retaining the original one on my lap, at the end of a dinner I often resemble a bridal shower.

The novice, unacquainted with the napkin-peeking habit and curious as to what the waiter is up to, will in all likelihood cock his head under the table simultaneously with the waiter's. In this event they usually bump together with a bang. Or,

if he be a romantic, he may be interrupted by the peeker just as he is about to bestow a kiss on the lips of his fair table companion, and be mortified to discover that he has kissed the waiter instead.

Temperature: With the coming of summer and its intense heat, one might as well get out a heavy overcoat, muffler and ear-muffs. Particular caution must be exercised at movie theatres, at restaurants and in many hotels. Be especially careful if the place has been decorated by



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some moderne interior decorator with a passion for white simplicity. You may be snow-blinded.

The moment the temperature goes up to eighty, the boys turn on the batteries of fans at top speed. In addition to freezing your pants off, the fans further imperil you by quickly blowing any life-saving hot soup you may order right out of the plate.

I tried to protect myself from the city perils on a summer weekend by going deep into the country, but no dice. The train I took was so efficiently air-cooled that I arrived at my destination with a terrible cold and had to come right back to see my doctor.

To say, as some New Yorkers do, that New York is the greatest summer resort in America is nonsense. It is nothing of the kind. New York in summer is the greatest *winter* resort in America.

Terpsichore: At Puerto Rico, West Indies, I learned that the reason Americans do not dance the rumba properly is that they allow business to interfere with it. Being rumbaists worthy of the name, the wise Puerto Ricans appreciate that sitting in an office chair for

even one hour is ruinous to that portion of the anatomy upon which the dance depends. A to-chus that has been permitted to squat in an office chair naturally loses much of its bounce and flexibility. The only thing to do is to keep it wriggling on the floor and to hell with business.

Watch any man dance the rumba, and in less than ten seconds you can tell what country he comes from, who his parents were and what are his attitudes toward the ladies and God. The American dances it as if he were ashamed to be caught in the act. Not so the Puerto Ricans. They proceed about the business as if their partners were luscious pork chops and gravy and they were starving. The Englishman, of course, seldom dances it, as it is ill-suited to his Nordic anatomy. When he does, his hips are glued to the spot, and his hindparts remain as solid as Gibraltar. The Frenchman is much more convincing. But he overdoes things. Looking at him one can't be entirely sure whether he is dancing a rumba or giving an imitation of a cargo of blanc-mange. The German's conception of the rumba, when he gets far enough away from Der

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Fuehrer to disport himself, is a mixture of family kaffeeklatsch and rigor mortis, augmented by a suspicion that what the band is playing is really "Hi-le-hi-lo."

Gastronomic connoisseurs:

The fellow who no more than a year or two ago was content to esteem himself an epicure providing he could tell a tough steak from a tender one has now suddenly become such a connoisseur as the world has never before heard of. The antics of these show-offs provide an endless cynical amusement to restaurant headwaiters.

Whenever one of them enters, a great performance follows. A sauce is peremptorily dispatched back to the kitchen as being unworthy of a hod-carrier. Shortly, it is brought back, altered only by the addition of a little hot water. The posturing donkey then tastes it and nods his approval.

"The other sauce, my man, was foul," he says. "*This is a sauce!*"

Fifteen years ago, a certain club numbered in its membership four gentlemen who prided themselves on their knowledge of brandy. They made a wager among themselves to determine whose knowl-

edge was best, and each in turn tasted six different varieties of brandy. Only one of the four gentlemen could distinguish more than three of the six brands. These gentlemen were honest. There is a moral in their story.

Dress: All things considered, no one will be so presumptuous as to deny that, dollar for dollar of investment in appearance, men present a much more sightly spectacle than women.

When a woman has worn the same dress day in and day out for a week, she looks more or less a dud. Yet a man may wear the same suit for a month, and still look well. A woman who wears the same ribbon a week looks a mess. But the man who wears the same necktie for a week still looks pretty spruce. To be known as a very well-dressed woman necessitates a wardrobe big enough to outfit a couple of "Follies" productions. But many a man gets by as a faultless dresser merely on the score of a couple of day suits, a dinner suit and tails.

When all is said and done, what attracts men is an almost exaggerated simplicity in feminine apparel. The most effective way a

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woman can dress, is to dress like a poor country girl—expensively. But the average woman usually ruins the effect by some detail. She may captivate a man's eye with a dress that suggests a cool green hillside, only to lose it with a diamond on her finger.

Then there is the matter of colors. One night last season, between the acts of a new play, half a dozen of the drama critics were gathered in front of the theatre. In the midst of the general conversation, they turned one by one to look at someone. Not turning myself, I asked Robert Benchley what was up. "Oh," he said, not turning either, "you may be sure it's a girl in a red and blue dress." It was. And although Benchley is best known as a humorist, his reply showed a sound appraisal of what makes an impression on the majority of men. If there exists in the United States today, or in France, England or Germany, for that matter, a man who doesn't fall for a red and blue combination, he is probably color-blind.

I recall an evening years ago when a group including Richard Harding Davis, his brother, Charles Belmont Davis and myself were joined by a very young

and excessively pretty but poor little girl whom we knew. "What," we asked, "would you like better than anything else in the world?" She answered that nothing could make her so happy as to be, for just one night, the most admired girl in New York. We thereupon took turns in giving our ideas as to how a girl could best achieve that end. Charlie Davis was the last to speak. "At the Herald Square Theatre," he drawled, "there is now playing the most popularly successful musical show in town. It's full of beautiful women all done up in elaborate costumes. If, suddenly in the midst of all that gaudy splendor, you were to come out on the stage in a plain white linen blouse and a plain little blue skirt, every man in the house would believe he had never beheld a vision so lovely. What's more, I'll get the management to give you the chance."

Davis did as he promised; the girl duly emerged in the simple costume, and the men in the audience yelled themselves hoarse.

Charm: The question as to what constitutes a woman's charm has rarely been approached by a realistic male.

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The difference between men and women in the matter of charm is that, whereas a man may seem charming to a multitude of women, it is an uncommon thing for any one woman to seem charming to a considerable number of men.

Thus, in any consideration of a woman's charm, the personal element in the man cannot be overlooked. Yet it is safe to say that there are a sufficient number of items in a woman's charm arsenal which may be listed under the general rather than the specific catalogue of clues.

I think of one young woman who is considered charming by no less than three out of every five men who know her—and this is a big average. Not long ago, some of us were discussing this charm. One man allowed it was her gently expressed belief, which she practised, that it was hardly the girl's prerogative always to be entertained by the man. Another said he thought her charm lay in the fact that she always spoke her criticism of anyone softly and with just the hint of a self-doubtful smile. A third observed that he regarded her charming because

even when she had occasion to complain about something—she invariably said nothing and at the same time managed the difficult feat of looking convincingly pleasant, thus making her silence not embarrassing. It came my turn.

"The average young woman, when you suggest dinner at seven o'clock," I observed, "will say, almost mechanically, 'Oh, let's make it five minutes past. Then I won't be late.' This girl, however, always says, 'Oh, can't we make it five or ten minutes earlier?'"



Marriage: For all their vaunted sophistication, men are still rank sentimentalists when it comes to marriage. All of them wish the women they marry either to be above moral reproach or to persuade them that they are.

Men marry for a variety of reasons, few of them self-appreciated. The reasons they believe they marry for are seldom the real ones. Frequently, they marry for no other reason than that they are lonely and seek a consoling companionship. Love, money and all the other usual considerations have nothing to do with it.

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"Love at first sight—there is no other kind of love, for all men's analysis," an eminent psychologist has lately observed. And there is a great deal of truth in the remark. If it isn't love at first sight, it isn't love. It may be respect, admiration or understanding, but it ain't love. And it is this impromptu emotion that often draws men into marriage without the slightest sober reflection.

Some years ago I came to two conclusions about marriage:

"The happiest marriage is not that which defers disillusion, but that which admits it at the outset. Relatively few marriages between

completely adult people turn out unhappily. Age is happy; youth unhappy. Illusion is the happiness of the heart. Disillusion is the merriment of the mind."

The second conclusion was this. "It takes all kinds of men to make a world. Toward most of these, I am sympathetic, but one kind passes my comprehension. It is made up of the men who, though they are in love with no one woman and though they are comfortably off in health, in contentment and in the world's goods, nevertheless persist in viewing marriage as something which they should presently embrace."

Part Time Profits

In past months, a very substantial number of men and women from nearly all walks of life have made welcome additions to their incomes by introducing Coronet to others. Representing Coronet in your community or your neighborhood provides a simple and dignified means of securing extra pleasures which you might otherwise be unable to afford. At the same time, too, this extra-income activity has another less monetary reward—the knowledge that you will be introducing others to Coronet's illuminating and entertaining editorial content. Probably there are enough prospective Coronet readers in your own circle of friends to give you a handsome return, since the remuneration is more than generous. If you are interested in joining the rapidly growing number of men and women who are thus securing extra-income profits by acting as part-time Coronet Representatives in their communities, you need only write to Department C., Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Promptly upon receipt of your request, all necessary particulars will be forwarded directly to you.

**Dividend
Policy:
Final Word**

It's been a month now since the editors announced the final revision of Coronet's monthly Dividend Plan. During the past few weeks, many persons who had previously complained of being disappointed now have written that all has been forgiven.

Of course, the editors are very happy. And they are happy, too, at the tremendous and ever-growing popularity of these Coronet Dividend reprints.

Just in case there may still be a question in any reader's mind as to how he may obtain reprints of Coronet's gatefold subjects, under this

Dividend policy, here are the simple rules which apply.

1. From each issue the editors will select one of Coronet's three gatefold subjects to be offered free to any reader who sends in his coupon, properly filled out.

2. Should a reader also desire one or both of the other two gatefolds from each issue, he may obtain them at a nominal charge of 10c each to cover all costs.

3. Each coupon is valid for exactly one month after the issue containing it is published, and full remittance must accompany all orders.

The Coronet Dividend Coupon

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 5

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Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I can receive "Fishermen Three" by John Costigan as my free June reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover the cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

- ☐ America's Air Arm (enclose 10c)
- ☐ Fishermen Three: Painting by John Costigan (no charge)
- ☐ Day in June: Color Photograph by Willinger (enclose 10c)

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Note: Reprints may be ordered *only* on this coupon—valid until June 25, 1941.

The Coronet Workshop

RESULTS OF BALLOTING ON PROJECT #7

Following is the final tabulation of the ballots on Project No. 7 (The Revised Cartoon Spread):

63% indicated their unqualified approval of the feature as it now stands.

19% have approved the cartoon feature in Coronet, but feel some additional revision is in order.

18% indicated they wished the cartoon spread permanently discontinued as a feature in Coronet.

Certainly, from these results it is obvious that "Echoes and Encores" is received with enthusiasm, and with such acceptance, we'll naturally continue to include it regularly each month, until you tell us otherwise. As for the suggestions for further revisions, we deeply appreciate the interest which prompted them and will consider them carefully. Meanwhile, "Echoes and Encores," the cartoon spread, will remain in its present form.

WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #7

For the best letter on Project No. 7, the first prize has been awarded to Martha Faye Clark, Texas State College for Women, Denton, Tex. Second prize: A. Lawrence Karp, N.Y. City. Third prize: Elizabeth Danner, Memphis, Tenn.

Project #11

THE GAME OF INTERNATIONAL I. Q.

Coronet's marginal features and quizzes have always ranked high in spice and interest, and it is the belief of the editors that the new series of international espionage problems combines the best qualities of both. Whether you, our reader-editors, agree is another matter. Introduced last month, the second of the series appears on page 29 of this issue. How do you like it? Should the game of International I. Q. be continued in each issue of Coronet as a new sort of marginal-quiz? Or should it be dropped from the magazine? Please give these two questions your consideration and send us your answer, won't you? To the writer of the best such letter, received on or before June 25th, will go Coronet's monthly award of \$25. To the writers of the two next best: \$15 and \$5 respectively. Address the Coronet Workshop, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.